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THE SPHERE, MARCH 11, 1939
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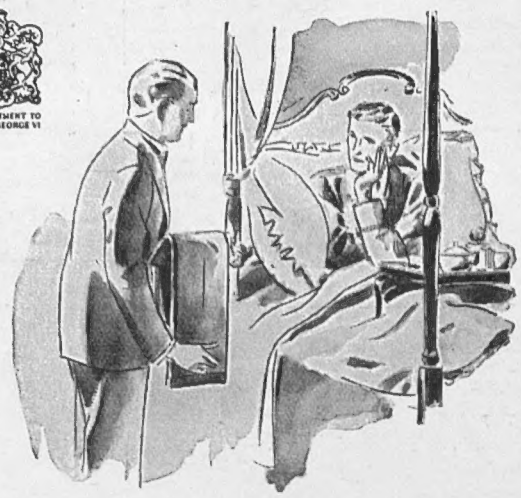

I'm afraid, sir, that we shall have to be thinking of some new suits.

*Can't think of it yet, Victor. We shall just have to bear with our shiny serge and tattered tweeds.*

Might I suggest, sir, a less expensive tailor? I have heard of one who cuts, just so, sir; tailored and finished not a stone's throw from your own—for a mere nine guineas. Bernard Weatherill, sir.

*Victor, we are not amused. Here I've been paying thirteen guineas for a suit and all the time you could have saved me four guineas a throw. Get on the telephone, at once.*

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, March 11, 1939

# THE PRINCESS OF EGYPT
## *who will wed*
# IRAN'S PRINCE IMPERIAL

Seventeen-year-old Princess Fawziya For Whose Marriage Elaborate Preparations Are Now Being Made in Cairo

On March 16 the ties between two of the most powerful Muslim nations of the Near and Middle East will be strengthened by the marriage of hazel-eyed, black-haired, seventeen-year-old Princess Fawziya, eldest sister of King Farouk of Egypt, to the nineteen-year-old Prince Imperial, Shahpur Mohamed Reza Pahlevi, son and heir of the Shah of Iran. All Egypt has been preparing for the event in elaborate fashion, and it seems that it is a real love match—the outcome of a winter sports holiday in Switzerland two years ago when the young couple met for the first time. Like modern-minded Queen Farida, whom King Farouk married in January, 1938, Princess Fawziya usually veils in deference to Muslim custom, though allowing it to hang loosely about her neck. The Prince Imperial, who is one of eleven children, could not under the existing laws have married other than an Iranian, but to meet the circumstances the Shah has passed a special measure making the bride-to-be a citizen of Iran

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YOUNG ROYALTY ATTENDS THE PONY SHOW: Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret pictured hand in hand as they left the ring at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, after they had presented prizes on the opening day. Next month Princess Elizabeth will celebrate her thirteenth birthday

A BIG NIGHT IN THE THEATRE: The Countess of Bessborough, whose husband is chairman of the Anglo-French Art and Travel Society, curtseying before the Queen when Her Majesty, who was accompanied by the King, arrived at the Savoy Theatre to watch the gala performance of the visiting Comédie Française Company. The Royal party saw Molière's *L'École des Maris* and Alfred de Musset's *Le Chandelier*. During the interval a number of the actors and actresses were received in the ante-room behind the Royal box

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4

Wednesday, March 8, 1939.

**PIUS XII.**—"A Liberal and an Italian and a Cardinal under sixty-five years of age." I do not pretend to the gift of prophecy and am no Pontifical Captain Coe. But my forecast of the result of the shortest Conclave on record was fairly sound, and fitted Cardinal Pacelli very well. No Cardinal was closer to his great predecessor during those last dangerous years, and the new Pope will carry on the name and in large measure the policy of Pius XI. He, like his predecessor, is a realist and knows the importance in religion and politics of bringing in the New World to redress the balance of the Old. The new Pope was always a "staff officer"; he never held a cure of souls. Thus his election broke two traditions—the choice fell on the Camerlengo and on a Cardinal who had never practised pastoral duties. Pius XII is a diplomatist and a man of affairs as well as a churchman, scholar, and writer. He speaks three modern languages perfectly. He has written treatises in French and German and has a fair knowledge of English. He knows the New World, having carried out missions in the Argentine as well as in the United States. Of Germany he has, of course, signal experience, gained during his term as Nuncio, and kept up to date in the Vatican office of state. And it may be that his courage and firmness will prove to be of even more finely tempered steel than his predecessor's—that is to say, a little more flexible. There is no doubt that he has remarkable tact and the gift of appeasement. And he has on his side (comparative) youth, good health, wide experience, the unanimity of the Cardinals, and the good will of a vast majority of his faith. It was pleasant to read of the interest and enthusiasm which this great election evoked in Italy and the outside world. And comforting, too. The new Pope certainly lost no time in making his appeal to the leaders of other sovereign States for peace and the exercise of the Christian ideals.

**LABOUR AND SPAIN.**—The confusion of present-day political labels is daily worse confounded in Parliament and on the tubs by Socialist critics of the Government. Under which King, Bezonian? Mr. Morrison and Mr. Attlee, waving the banner of the Nazis and the Fascists, screamed out their rage with Mr. Chamberlain for recognising Franco. They were heard with difficulty amid catcalls for the banned and banished Sir Stafford Cripps, but the sense of their argument came through. The Fascists cursed Mr. Chamberlain for not recognising Franco years ago. Now they curse him for doing that very thing, just as the Socialist Opposition does. Logic suggests that Sir Stafford and the Communists must applaud him for recognising Franco and a Fascist Government in Spain. But that sounds very alien to "Communist" doctrine. Either some wicked imp has mixed all the labels in the cloak-room and created a pandemonium of foolishly-dressed departing revellers, or we are forced to the conclusion that the slightest application of realism to European politics reveals in all its visionary absurdity the fancy dress of Socialist Opposition. President Azana resigned only because he had good reason to believe that the war was lost to the Republicans and that a majority in Republican Spain desired an end to be put to a hopeless struggle and further needless slaughter and destruction. His resignation *on those grounds* justified not only logically but on humanitarian considerations the recognition by the Government of a new regime in Spain. The flight of Negrin very strongly confirmed Republican opinion and the rightness of the British Government's action. It is difficult to see what else a government which does not live in the clouds could do.

**GERMAN PUBLIC OPINION.**—Sir Philip Gibbs' letter on the above subject published last week in *The Times* was comforting to me. He had been among German people of every type and class, canvassing their opinions and trying to get into their minds. I assumed that, because he is trained to that very business, he put no leading questions and that *his* wishes were not father to *their* thoughts. Sir Philip's interrogated German opinion, widely derived, agreed that: 1. A direct attack on Great Britain by Germany was unlikely because the intense distaste for such an action felt by the German people could not but be taken into account by the most desperate ruling autocrat, if in possession of his senses; 2. The only way in which that result might come would be if Germany were dragged in against Britain if ever Italian claims, pressed too far, or a frontier incident, led to war with France. But it was not considered that Hitler would interpret the Rome–Berlin axis as justifying the Duce in making extravagant claims or recklessly provoking France, relying on German support; 3. More dangerous than guns and the armament race is the daily duel of bitter recrimination in the British and German press; 4. Grievously do the German people resent the "constant suggestion" in our press that our tremendous efforts, which so mysteriously began to be intensified the day after the Great Appeasement Day of Munich, are directed against them. Here one is inclined—and here only—to disagree. I see no constant expression in the British press or elsewhere in Britain that our defence efforts are directed against Germany. In so far, however, as we are preparing against air attack, there is indeed a silent implication that the danger lies over there, since there is no other reasonably possible striking force that can menace these islands. Hence, no doubt, the pained surprise of the German people that Mr. Chamberlain hurried back from Munich to make Britain safe against air attack. It puzzled many Britons also.

# A LONDON

**NATION IN UNIFORM.**—At a tailors' conference held in Weimar the other day it was stated that to-day every third German wears uniform. Strictly interpreted, that means that in Greater Germany 29,000,000 men, women and children have some kind of uniform as their daily wear. Now, the wearing of uniform has always been dear to the German race, so much so that above all nations they always appear somewhat unsure of themselves in mufti. They have had too little practice in the wearing of civilian clothes to wear them with an air. I doubt if this wholesale wearing of uniform is a sign of militarism; rather, I should say, a love of order and precise definition. The German loves to be grouped and labelled and the authorities are of his way of thinking. But I should say the uniform habit is bad for the tailoring and haberdashery and millinery trades. A uniform—as one remembers from the war years—is an "all purposes" suit, and one very soon fell into the way of finding it convenient for every form of exercise and recreation and ceremonial occasion.

**EXHIBITION OF GERMAN ART.**—Mr. Philip Connard made an admirable suggestion for next year's Winter Exhibition at Burlington House. We have had Dutch, Flemish, Italian,

THE WHITEHALL EXCAVATIONS: A party being conducted over the diggings in which the Office of Works have brought to light many relics of the old palace which was the home of England's monarchs through the Tudor and Stuart periods. In last week's issue of "The Sphere" pictures of the excavations were published, while on pages 362–365 in this number the historic aspect is dealt with

# NEWSLETTER: By The Old Stager

French, Chinese, Scottish works of art. Why not German old Masters? They would attract a good deal of attention and might be the means of encouraging more friendly relations. Certainly. In principle, the proposal is excellent. In practice, it might not work. The Italian Government recently showed no enthusiasm when invited to loan Venetian Masters for an exhibition in London and it is to be feared that the Reich might display a similar reluctance in these anxious days. I hope the idea will at least be tried out, since the details of arrangement of such an exhibition would inevitably bring many Englishmen in close touch with their opposite numbers in Germany. We should, of course, give the strongest assurances that in the event of air attack by an enemy country during the exhibition, the loaned pictures should receive pride of place in the deepest bomb-proof shelter in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly. That would allay the anxiety of the lenders and the mere fact that the treasures of Germany were in London would give confidence to London. This notion of swopped pledges might usefully be extended all over Europe.

## B.B.C. PLEASE NOTE.—

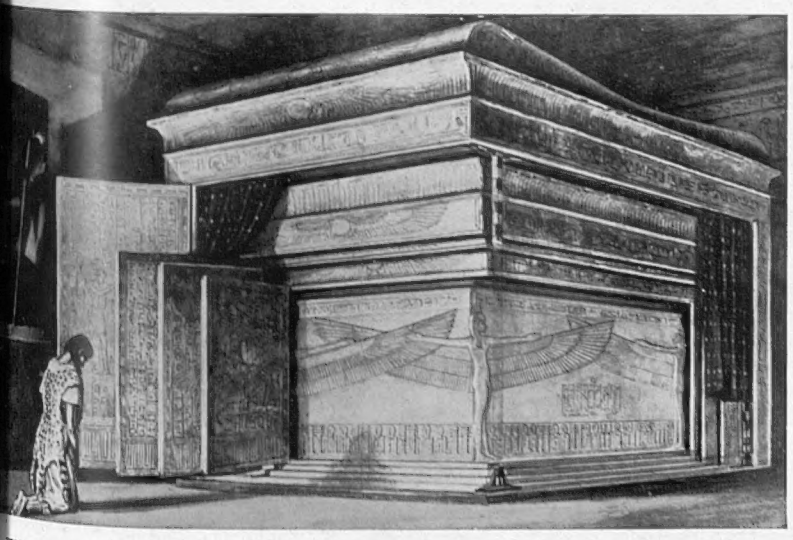
Italians themselves are now expressing their deep distrust of their own "semi-official" political journalists. A strong article in the *Critica Fascista*, inspired by the Minister of Education, complains that they "hinder the action of the Government in international affairs more often than not by their incompetence, frivolity, excess of zeal, and, above all, their lack of a sense of responsibility." That truth has been obvious to one Old Stager for a year. It is now dawning on the more zealous of Italian Fascists. One day it may dawn on the B.B.C. that Signor Gayda (*et hoc genus omne*) is not, after all, *vox dei*, but an irresponsible mischief-maker whose pronouncements lack authority, consistency, sense or news value and should never be used as padding in any arrangement of the day's news which claims to be a serious effort to impart the essentials and the truth impartially. It is not easy to estimate the harm that Gayda, one scribbler, has done to the cause of European appeasement, and to Italian aspiration in a year.

## CAMPS — HOLIDAY OR TRAINING?

—I hope that before the plans are approved for the limited number of camps sanctioned for evacuation, we shall take a long view and secure an official decision as to what we really most need in the interests of the nation and to what use such structures can best be put. This is the moment for decision, the moment to disperse the fogs of muddled thinking. There exist in the Dominions—e.g. South Africa—examples and organisations from which we might derive profit. There is a substantial opinion even now in this country that the best use of such camps in peace time is not for holidays but for the systematic training in discipline, ideals, and health services of boys who have just left school. These children (fifteen to seventeen years of age) are at the impressionable, critical age. They are wax for the moulding of good or bad citizens. They may be the prey of employers seeking cheap labour and may find bag-end jobs and fall into bad habits. It would be immensely for the good of the nation, of the boys themselves, and of the unemployment problem, if such boys could be, on leaving school, definitely drafted for a year to camp schools, wherein discipline, the ideals of citizenship, physical fitness, and handicrafts or hobbies would be the basis of the instructional curriculum, so that at the end of the course the boys would go forth to the employment market far better equipped to make a success of their lives in work time and leisure and with a much better hope of becoming good citizens. It is at that vital time that they need a better discipline than they can expect to obtain at home or in temporary employment. It is then that regular meals and physical training will turn many of them into A1 from C3 citizens and it is then that impressions can be permanently stamped on their minds which will become life-habits. In that year they could be taught even to take pride in their national heritage, to respect the surviving beauties of the countryside, to think for themselves, and to think for others. There is almost nothing good and permanently good that might not come to them from that vital year of training under first-rate teachers. There need be no grounds for criticism of such a scheme from pacifists or from Socialists. Discipline is not militarism; it is the first essential of peace and security. This is indeed a turning point in our history. Now is the accepted time for a long-view decision and a great and beneficial reform. The cart has arrived before the horse. Let us choose the right and suitable horse for the cart.

GAUGING BRITAIN'S AERIAL STRENGTH: The Emir Feisal of Arabia (left), one of the delegates to the Palestine Conference in London, standing on the wing of a Hampden bomber and peering into the cockpit when he visited Northolt to witness a flying display

THE LATE MR. HOWARD CARTER: The famous Egyptologist (left) engaged in opening up the tomb of King Tutankhamen after his momentous discovery in 1923 when the find caused a world sensation as it was the general assumption at the time that the Valley of the Kings had been finally cleared



THE GREAT STONE SARCOPHAGUS OF KING TUTANKHAMEN: It was this magnificent tomb that Mr. Howard Carter (who has just died in London at the age of sixty-five) and the late Earl of Carnarvon discovered sixteen years ago, their wonderful find arousing world-wide interest in the remains of Egyptian antiquity. At the time there was much talk about the supposed curse of Tutankhamen

## "TO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION."

—The British public and even press have very short memories of what is material and too often very long memories of what is not. There died in Morayshire last week a man whose father half a century ago had been the central figure in a card scandal. If the case had not involved names far more important than that of the head of an ancient northern House, it would have been forgotten in a week. As it was, the father — whatever his guilt — suffered all his long life for his participation in the affair. It was never suffered to die; public memory was constantly whipped up with details of the old story and the man died at last, a life-long martyr to intrusion on private lives. His son succeeded to his title. None who knew him could doubt that his life and character also were handicapped and shaped by the undying thing, the *damnosa hereditas* which he was compelled to inherit and endure. His name was never mentioned without a reference to that old Victorian scandal, which could not die. Now he, too, is dead, untimely, and his son, a boy of eleven, has succeeded to his title. The news of his death brought out once more the time-dishonoured reference even in the most respectable journal; and it is to be assumed that the third generation also must be expected to endure the nebulous and undying stigma.

## NATIONAL TRUST AND HISTORIC HOMES.

—The National Trust and other allied bodies have been for some years working on schemes which may help to preserve some of the more important homes of historic and architectural interest in Britain, which otherwise are inevitably doomed to vanish from neglect as did Whitehall. In these schemes they borrowed much from French experience and practice. The good work of the N.T. in this country is always hampered by lack of funds. Most of the things we privately regard as of first importance (hospitals, for example) are supported by charity while taxpayers are bled white to pay for many things they deplore or distrust. The preservation of famous old houses stands or falls by the sympathetic co-operation of the Treasury. Public charity alone cannot, and should not, accomplish it. The preservation of such houses is just as much a part of any national cultural service as is the upkeep of museums. The scheme of preservation envisages, of course, the transfer, on the application of the statutory owners, of such houses to the Trust's custody, giving to the tenants for life and the owners the option to remain in possession as tenants of the Trust for a period of years (not to exceed 150). That in most cases could only be made possible, at any rate beyond another generation, if the Exchequer grant substantial relief from the burdens of house ownership in exchange for the throwing open of the houses to the public during regular hours throughout the year, the income derived from sightseers being available for maintenance by the N.T. A select committee of the Lords is now to examine a private bill on this important subject when the vital question of the £ s. d. of such a plan may be more carefully examined.

# MADRID AFTER 30

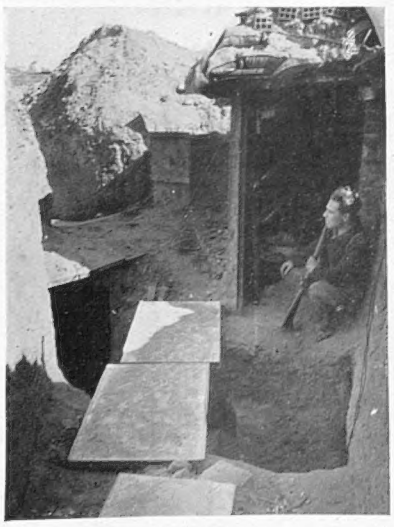
IN THE GRAN VIA: Citizens hurrying about their business and in the background a boarded-up building. A picture typical of Madrid under the dying Republican regime. After thirty months of siege the city presents a blighted appearance in contrast to the happy-go-lucky days before the civil war. Since these pictures were taken, Madrid has been the centre of internal strife, and on Wednesday it was reported that, while Franco was massing his troops for a big assault, Communists in the capital had revolted against the newly-constituted government of General Miaja

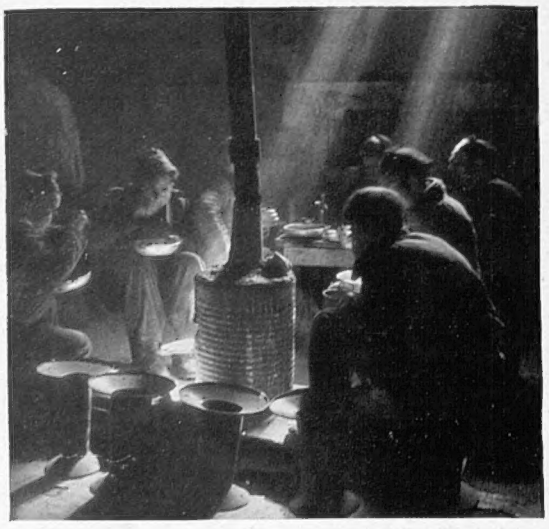
SUNSHINE IS FOOD TO THE MADRILENOS and on these spring days they take every advantage of the chance to sit in the open

ONCE THE FOCAL POINT OF SPANISH POLITICAL LIFE: The Palacio Congreso, meeting place of the Cortes, presents a deserted appearance. While the government was in Valencia and Barcelona no deputies met in Madrid

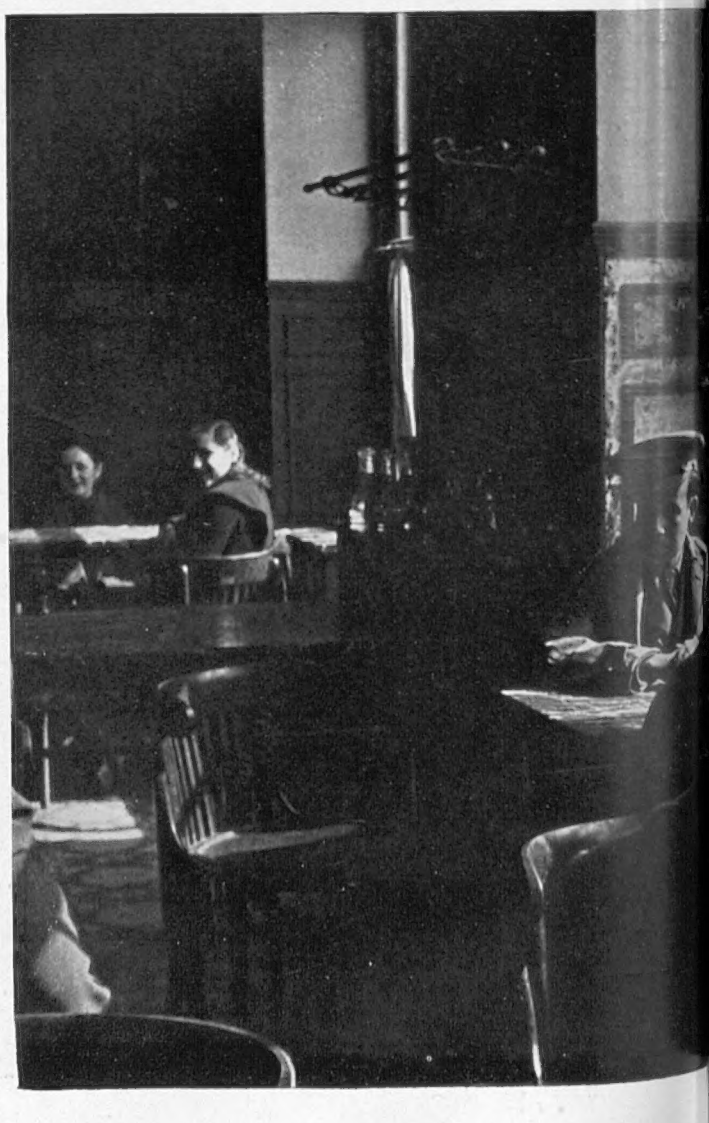
*Above*—"ALONE" IN MADRID—COURTSHIP IN THE PASEO DEL PRADO: Off-duty from the front line, this Republican officer sits with a girl friend on a stone bench in the now forlorn Paseo, once the most fashionable promenade in Madrid. They infinitely prefer to be in the open air, for what cinemas there are offer the poorest of programmes and are hopelessly overcrowded

TOUCHED BY WAR'S HAND: *Left*—A militiaman washing in the courtyard of the Faculty of Medicine, a building upon which the Nationalists made an unsuccessful assault during the fierce fighting in 1936. *Right*—A shell-hole in the Gran Via. Damage such as this has been occurring daily for thirty months and there is now a special organisation which clears up the debris



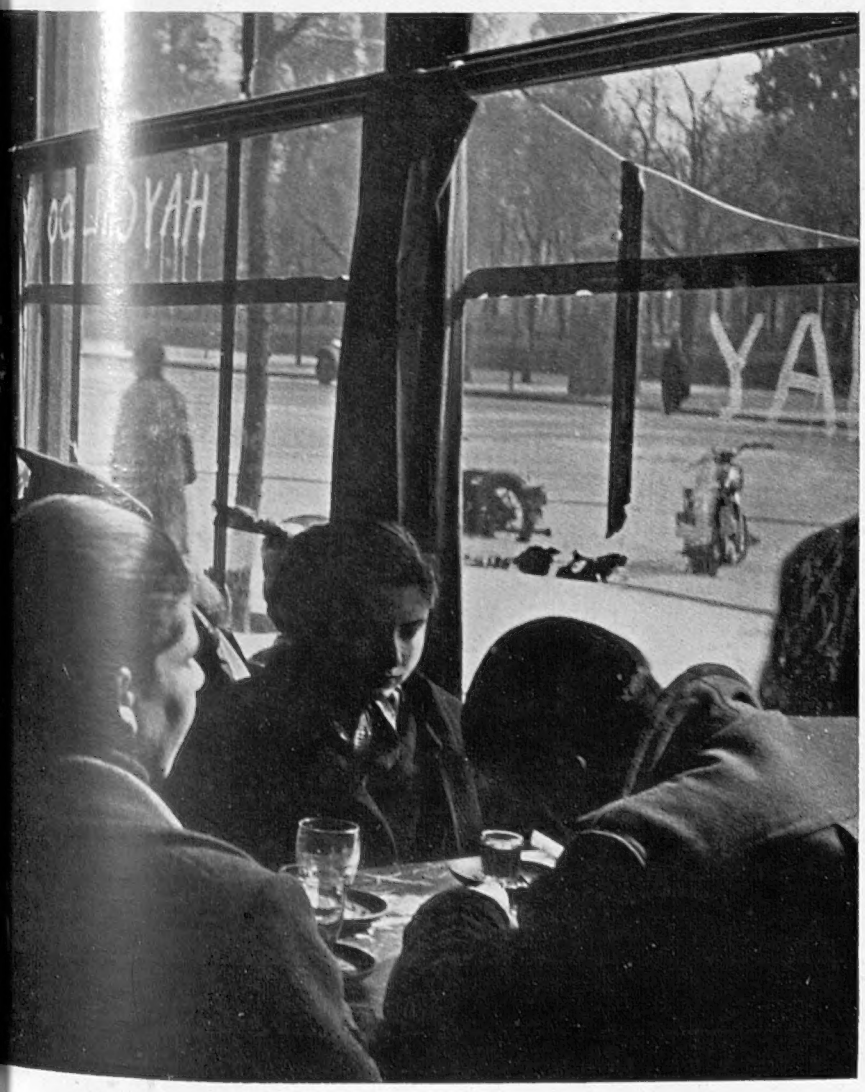


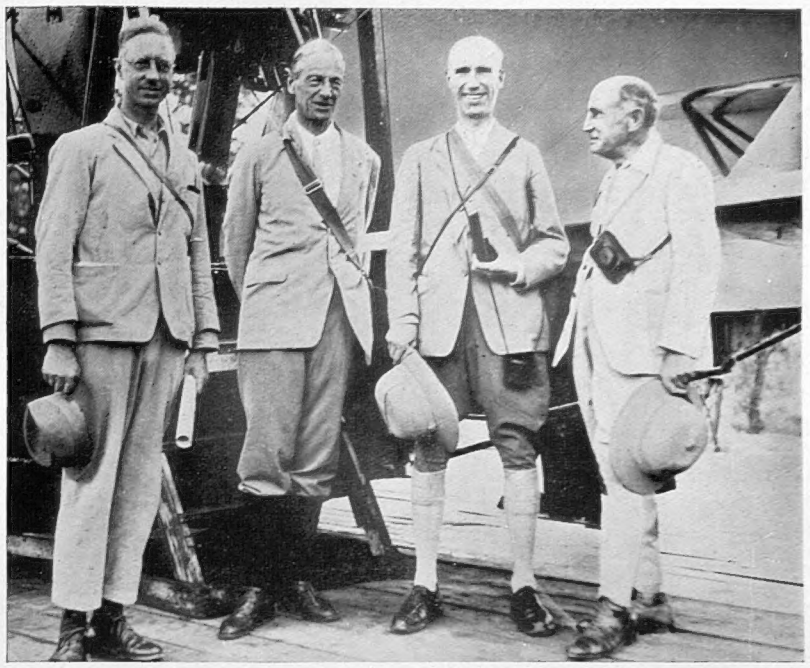
GUARDIANS OF THE "IRON RING": *Left*—A defender of Madrid pictured in a section of the trench system which General Miaja has built round the city. *Right*—Militiamen taking a meal in a dug-out which is heated by a stove improvised from an oil barrel and a piece of piping. The rations issued to the troops have of recent months been only slightly less meagre than those received by civilians. The insufficiency of clothing for the army has also been a big problem



# Months of Siege: Life Under a Dying Regime

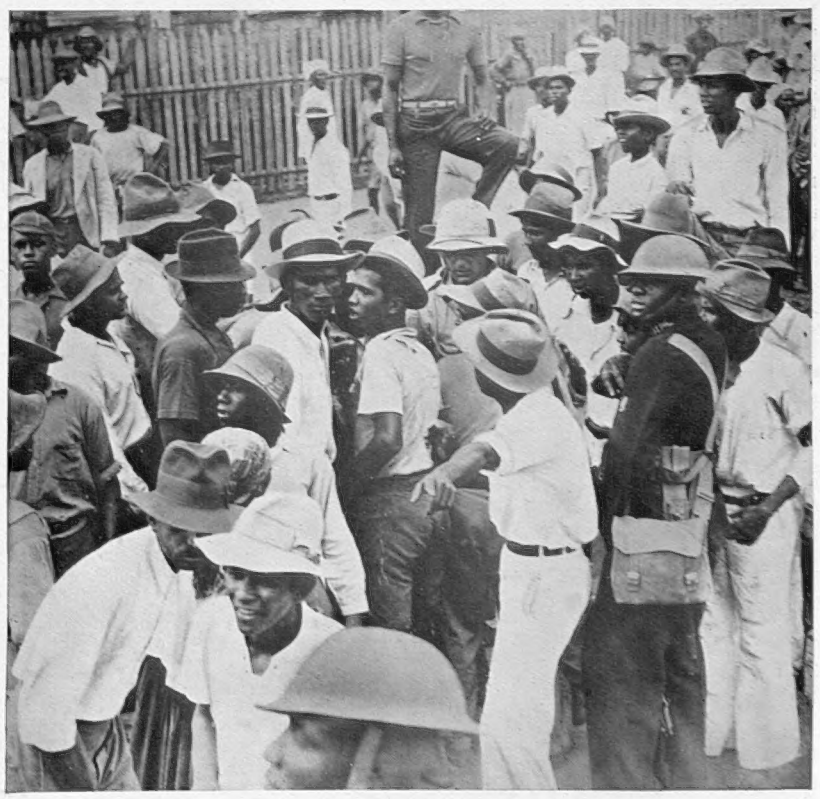
*Below*—I[n] A MADRID CAFÉ: Soldiers taking their morning substitute for coffee—a milkless, [ta]rgarless liquid that is only drunk because it tastes a shade better than the bad wines [an]d liqueurs which have been served for months past at typical war-time prices. The café[s] there no solid food is served, must close by 5 p.m., while at 10 p.m., when the once so c[ha]racteristic night life was just beginning, a general curfew drives everyone home



SURVEYING A TROUBLED ZONE: Professor F. L. Engledow, C.M.G., Draper's Professor of Agriculture at Cambridge; Lord Moyne, the Chairman; Mr. Ralph Assheton, M.P.; and Sir Percy Mackinnon, of Lloyd's, pictured at the airport at Georgetown, British Guiana, where, as members of the Royal Commission set up to inquire into social and economic conditions in the West Indies, they arrived to complete their labours. While the commission has been sitting there have been strikes in Jamaica, Barbados, and Guiana, each of which has drawn attention to the economic plight of these once wealthy sugar-producing areas

TAKING EVIDENCE AT GEORGETOWN: Dr. Mary Blacklock (centre), expert on tropical medicine, and Sir Walter Citrine (extreme right), general secretary of the Trades Union Congress, seen with other members of the West Indies Royal Commission as they continued their task in British Guiana after visiting the various islands. The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, has pledged to institute a policy of economic reconstruction in the West Indies, and it is the work of the commission to suggest the most suitable way of restoring prosperity



LABOURERS RIOT AT DEMERARA: The District Superintendent of Police (centre) remonstrating with strikers outside the manager's house on the Leonora Plantation; a picture taken just before severe fighting broke out, in the course of which the police had to fire on the mob in self-defence. The superintendent was injured and three labourers were killed. The outbreak coincided with the arrival in British Guiana of the West Indies Royal Commission and the members were thus able to gain some first-hand evidence of a distinctly valuable nature

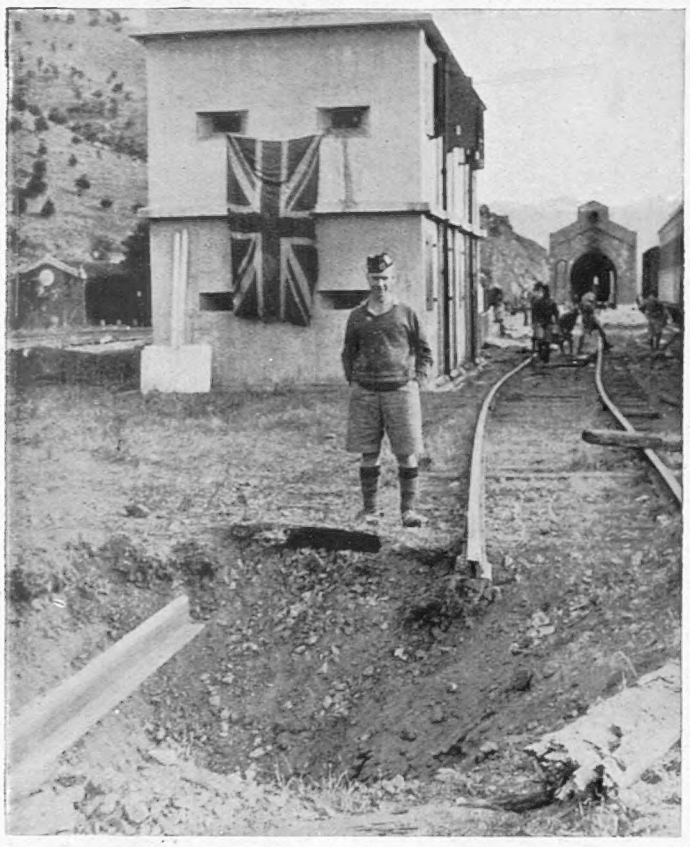
## The WEST INDIES ROYAL COMMISSION

### Arrives in British Guiana During the Labour Disturbances

# JAPAN APOLOGISES TO BRITAIN

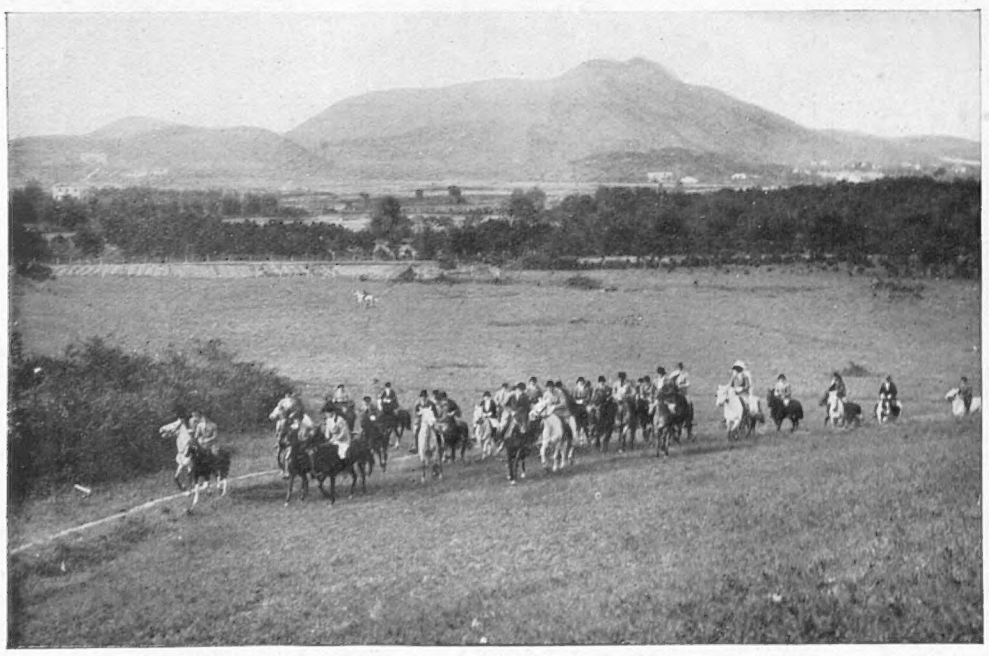
## Aftermath of the Bombing Raid on the Leased Territories of Hong Kong

WRECKED BY A JAPANESE BOMB: A carriage of the local train which Japanese aeroplanes attacked on February 21 on the Canton-Kowloon railway in the vicinity of the border village of Fanling and within the boundary of the British leased territories forming the mainland part of Hong Kong colony. Eight adults and three children were killed. Sir Stafford Northcote, the Governor of Hong Kong, who witnessed some of the bombing, immediately sent a strong protest to the Japanese authorities in Canton. Japan at once apologised and has agreed to pay compensation for the raid



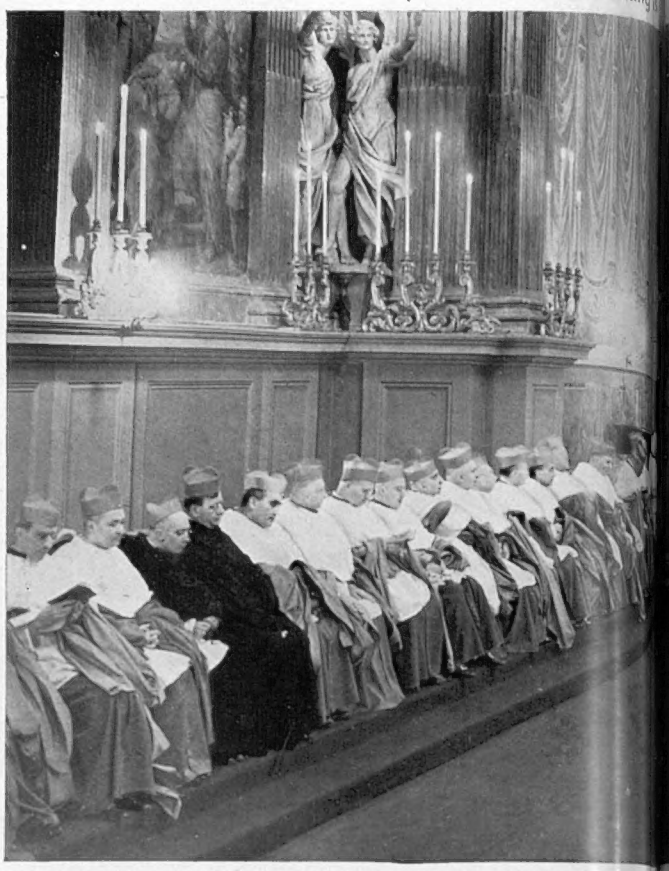
*On left—*
THE SEVERED RAILROAD AT LOWU, near Fanling, where extensive damage was done by the Japanese raiders, whose over-zeal led them into British territory and made it necessary for Japan to make a full apology. At the same time Mr. Arita, the Foreign Minister, told Sir Robert Craigie, the British Ambassador in Tokyo, that strict action would be taken to prevent a recurrence of the incident and that disciplinary measures would be applied to the officer responsible for the error. The apology seems more comprehensive than those which the Japanese have usually offered in previous cases

*Below—*
SCENE OF THE INCIDENT: Members of the Fanling Hunt riding across country in the New Territories where the Japanese bombing took place on February 21. Fanling is the great recreation ground of the residents in Hong Kong colony. The hunt was started in 1924 with four couples of hounds presented by Captain Benson, M.F.H. of the Taunton Vale, and since then about eight couples have been imported annually from England. There are both red and grey foxes in the hills, but as these are very difficult to hunt a "drag" is employed



# THE CARDINALS ELECT

## A Roman Aristocrat Who Has Spent His Life Working



THE CARDINALS ATTEND A LAST MASS: The scene in the Pauline C... College forgathered to invoke the divine blessing before going ... The Conclave was the shortest in the history of the Papacy and ... State to Pius XI, had received the necessary two-thirds majority

THE CARDINALS PAY HOMAGE: Shortly after the Papal election th... members of the Sacred College approached the altar steps in the Sistin... Chapel, where in turn they knelt before the new Pope and kissed ... his foot. *Below*—Nuns among the expectant crowd in St. Peter's Square

# POPE PIUS XII

## a Diplomat in the Cause of Peace

of the Vatican as the Members of the Sacred Conclave last week to select the new Pope. third ballot Cardinal Pacelli, Secretary of selection arousing very widespread satisfaction

THE GOLDEN, TRIPLE CROWN being prepared at the Vatican for the Coronation of Pope Pius XII which it was arranged should take place this Sunday on the balcony of the Hall of the Benedictions

INVOCATION OF PEACE: Pope Pius XII, robed and seated on his throne in the Sistine Chapel, reading his first message to the world following his election. It was spoken in Latin and constituted a powerful plea for better understanding among the nations. The new Pope speaks several languages and is particularly fluent in English. He is a Roman by birth and his appearance and demeanour evidence his aristocratic descent. His Holiness has spent the greater part of his life in the diplomatic service of the Church, and after being Nuncio in Germany for 13 years he was recalled to Rome as Papal Secretary of State

"ANNUNTIO VOBIS GAUDIUM MAGNUM: HABEMUS PAPAM EMINENTISSIMUM ET REVERENDISSIMUM DOMINUM EUGENIUM PACELLI": It was with this Latin formula that the first Cardinal Deacon, Cardinal Caccia-Dominioni, came out on to the Balcony of Benedictions and announced the name of the new Pope to the eager crowd in St. Peter's Square. *On right*—The new Pope wearing his robes for the first time. The day of his election (March 2) coincided with his 63rd birthday

# *The* "AFFAIRE MARTENS":

## A Government Appointment Provokes a Crisis in Race-conscious Belgium

THE crisis in Belgium is not, in the ordinary way, a political one. It has arisen out of the rather stupid, if significant, *affaire Martens*. In short, it is a crisis of nationalities—the spectacular recrudescence of the "Flemish question."

After the passing of the Amnesty Law in 1937, which restored to full citizenship a group of Flemish separatists, or "activists," as they are called in Belgium, who are alleged to have intrigued with the Germans during the war, the Flemish question seemed to die down. The Flemings had got most of what they wanted—the release of those of their race who had been imprisoned for political offences, and what amounts to a *de facto* acceptance of cultural autonomy. It looked as if Belgians were discovering Belgian nationality.

Not a bit of it. In a world where any excuse is good enough for the repudiation by powerful neighbours of small states doubtfully created, Belgians are determined to emphasise the artificial qualities of the Belgian kingdom.

The cause of the present crisis, though worked up into a major political and racial issue, is, in fact, trivial. A short while ago, the moderate coalition Government of M. Paul Spaak, in what seems at the best a careless mood, appointed to the newly-formed Flemish Academy a certain Dr. Martens. As far as I can make out, the doctor's only qualification for the appointment was his notoriety as a war-time "activist," who had intrigued with Germany for the creation, under German protection, of a separate Flemish State. Imprisoned after the war as a traitor, he was amnestied, together with other political prisoners, in 1937.

There was much to be said for the Amnesty Law. A policy of appeasement always has much to be said for it. But to reward the amnestied citizens with high public honour is probably an unreasonable test of the generosity of the rest of the people, who had served their State loyally, and had submitted to the amnesty under protest.

Anyway, the appointment made half Belgium furious, and a large part of the other half uneasy. The organised ex-soldiers staged their indignation in public meetings and street riots at Brussels, and even manhandled the bewildered Paul Spaak at the door of his private house. The Liberals threatened the withdrawal of their support from the Government unless the appointment of Dr. Martens were rescinded. Spaak stood firm and the Liberal threat was carried out. Spaak resigned.

I happened to be in Brussels on the occasion of the Government's resignation. It was a day of cloud and sunshine—just the kind of day that suits Brussels, brings out its colour and that rather voluptuous flamboyance which is the combined effect of its architecture and topography. I had climbed up from the Boulevard Adolphe Max, with its kiosks and café terraces and shrill newspaper boys, to the palatial Governmental quarters in the neighbourhood of the Rue de la Loi. It was like penetrating into a besieged city.

Everywhere was the green-grey khaki of soldiers. Their steel helmets glistened from a recent washing of rain.

Armed with a *quaestor's* introduction, which I was obliged to flourish before the bored gaze of half a regiment of soldiers, who blocked up every passage and sprawled over every staircase, I took my seat in a gallery of the Chamber of Deputies. Below me, a few benches were occupied by members writing notes or drowsing over thick dossiers. The veteran Paul Hymans was there, looking like a Velasquez portrait and gesturing with eloquent fingers to the ill-fated M. Jaspar. But the galleries were full, and, in spite of the empty benches, there was a curious atmosphere of tension.

The debate was timed to begin at two o'clock. At two-thirty, an excited attendant whispered in my ear that M. Spaak had gone to the King to hand in his resignation. At a few minutes before four, members began trooping into the Chamber like a jury returning to the jury box. Then came M. Spaak looking more than ever like a seventeenth-century painter whose pictures nobody will buy. The President of the Chamber mounted to his high seat and announced the Government's resignation. The Flemings and the Socialists cheered M. Spaak and some of them shouted: *Ontbinding! Ontbinding!* Dissolution! Dissolution!

Well, if there was no Flemish question in the morning, there certainly was one now. And as for M. Spaak's capacity to find a solution to the *affaire Martens*, that, too, had proved disappointing. M. Henri Jaspar, after struggling for two days to form a new Government, took ill and died. The Catholic Senator Pierlot was more successful, but his team was a nine-day wonder; and, as I write, Belgium is still in search of someone to govern it.

It seems pretty clear that no Belgian Government can last with the *affaire Martens* hanging over it. On personal grounds, his appointment is no longer of the slightest importance except to himself. But if he should be forced to resign, it will be regarded as a serious defeat of Flemish aspirations; and if, on the other hand, the appointment is confirmed, it will be a resounding victory for the Flemings, almost certainly carrying with it complete cultural autonomy, the compulsory and *exclusive* use of the Flemish language in all schools, public departments and other official institutions of Flemish Belgium, equal division of the Government departments between the two races, and complete equality between the Flemish and French languages in the capital.

One wonders what the King thinks about it. He is said to be exasperated by the present confusion, and even to have complained to Paul Spaak that he had been persuaded to put his signature to the Martens appointment without having been fully informed concerning the antecedents of that gentleman. Sometimes it looks as if King Leopold is alone in his consciousness of true Belgian nationality.

Roy Elston

# WITH THE G.R.s OF THE TURF

## The Gallant Band of Gentlemen Riders Who Risk Life and Limb in the Pursuit of Steeplechase Thrills

By NOEL THOMPSON

THEY call them "G.R.s" in turf parlance, and when a person gets a nickname, no matter who he is or what he does, it means he is popular.

"G.R." should be expanded to gentleman rider, which refers to that gallant band who risk necks, collar-bones, arms, spines, thighs, even lives, riding in steeplechase and hurdle races.

Steeple chasing originated in 1752—and notice that I separate the two words we now combine—by two Irish squires, Blake and O'Callaghan. After a dinner they had a race from Bullevant to the landmark, the church steeple of St. Ledger. This became a popular course after hunt dinners, and plenty of claret and brandy.

A GREAT G.R.: This is Mr. A. Marsh, one of the keenest amateurs now riding under National Hunt rules

In England in the late nineteenth century there are scores of records of equally madcap races, often held at night in nightdresses and nightcaps for large wagers, but by that time (and now I combine the words) steeplechasing was an established sport. But the courses ended in a winning-post and not a church, except in the case of a fatal accident.

But to get back to modern times. It is interesting to note, when glancing at one of those evening paper lists, how much you would have won or lost had you maintained a level stake of a pound on any one jockey over the sticks.

Out of the first four, the only winners on this system—Nos. 1, 3, and 4—were amateurs. Mr. A. Delahooke showed a profit of 852s., Mr. A. Marsh of 536s., and Mr. E. W. Bailey of 100s.

You will naturally say that they had many fewer mounts. I qualify this statement by minimising the exaggeration and saying that they had fewer mounts, to the extent of about 50 per cent. But remember that the professional jockeys naturally get the most offers of mounts, and they deserve all they can get. For the jockey over the sticks has smaller prizes (with a hundred times the risk) than his brother who races only on the flat.

An expert expressed the opinion that an amateur of average riding ability is 8 lbs. worse than a professional. But that does not apply in all cases. Look at the amateurs who have won that greatest test of all, the Grand National. There are amateurs who for the sheer love of the sport ride and equal any professional in skill.

How do these Corinthians of the turf, as they have been called, do it, and why? The answer to the latter part of the question is because they love the thrill, and this applies equally to the owner of horses who might employ professional jockeys but prefers to ride himself.

It is said that there is no thrill equal to the feeling of a powerful horse leaping beneath you to a jump. The rise as he leaves the ground is the all-important moment. The only comparable feeling is when you take a jump on skis, knees bent and the chance of a fall on landing. Or possibly the swift take-off in a single-seater aeroplane. Now for the first part of the question, "*How* do they do it?" You must realise the physical fitness required. To jump a horse over a three-mile course calls for leg and arm muscles of steel, as well as intelligence and quick decisions.

I asked one of the leading amateur riders his prescription.

"I just ride," he said.

"But you may not have more than four rides a week occasionally."

"Oh, if that's so I go hunting, to keep fit."

In other words, they keep in the saddle, and that is all that is needed, apart from early nights and a strict eye on the weighing machine.

And what do the amateurs get out of it? The thrill, the joy of it, but no expenses for their travelling. They can bet on their chances, unlike the professional jockey, who is forbidden to do so. But the main thing is the thrill.

A few years ago the majority of these "risk your neck" riders came from the Army. They seemed to be able to get almost indefinite leave. This year there are fewer Army riders than ever before. Discipline has caused a tightening-up all round. Money has shortened the opportunity for such luxuries.

Let us look back and see what some of the famous amateur riders of five years ago are doing now. There is at least one we shall never see again. He is the popular Hugh Lloyd Thomas (later Sir Hugh), who was First Secretary at the Embassy in Madrid, became the Duke of Windsor's private secretary when he was Prince of Wales, and then went to the Paris Embassy. Tall and lanky, Eton and Oxford, he was a popular and well-known rider. When riding Periwinkle at Derby in February of last year he was thrown and killed.

Five years ago the name of "Fulke" Walwyn was well known. Fair, clean-shaven, and in the 9th Lancers, he was a leading amateur rider. In 1936, on Reynoldstown, he won a thrilling Grand National—you remember, it was the second year that Reynoldstown came in first. Well, Walwyn is now one of the leading professional riders, as I hardly need remind anyone who studies racing. The previous year Reynoldstown was ridden by Mr. F. Furlong, then an amateur, now a successful trainer.

Do you remember Gregalach winning the Grand National? If you do, and even if you made a nice bit of money, I doubt if you remember the name of the jockey, R. ("Bob") Everett. Or possibly you do because he is now such a successful professional jockey.

There are two other favourites of a few years ago. Major Jack Wilson, who won the Grand National on Double Chance. He no longer rides seriously. He is now connected with a firm and still keeps his eye on the turf. He was well into the forties when he won the National. Then there is Mr. Edward Paget. Nothing could stop his enthusiasm. A broken thigh, a broken leg, nothing upset this tall, fair-haired rider. He is still riding. His brilliant skill has not deserted him, but his rides, as he approaches forty, are less frequent. He, after years of daring, rides when he likes, and sits on the National Hunt Committee.

But there are plenty of people who carry on the tradition of the gentleman rider. If I cannot mention all the names I hope that they, and their professional brothers, will include themselves in this tribute to their skill and courage.

Then there is Mr. A. Marsh, whose name I read in a copy of THE SPHERE of five years ago. A distinguished colleague then described him as "a nice lad, the son of a farmer. He is definitely good. He is nothing to do with the famous family of trainers," referring to the royal trainer, "Dicky" Marsh, and his offspring.

Mr. A. Marsh is riding so well that you will see, at the beginning, I have shown him as the third on the winning jockeys list. He has been riding for eight years now in public, weighs 10 stone 3 lbs. and has, he tells me, no definite mount for the Grand National. I have a feeling, however, he will be there, but not on one of his own horses.

"Any serious accidents in your eight years of racing?" I asked him.

"None at all," he replied.

When I pressed him further he admitted three broken collar-bones and two broken arms.

No article would be complete without a mention of Mr. Anthony Mildmay, still regularly riding, who was within a whisker of winning the Grand National on Davy Jones.

I should like to end on a note of congratulation. This time it goes to Captain Harding, whose regiment is in Palestine. Refreshed, no doubt, by constant bombing and sniping, he came back to England on leave. Jumping must have seemed child's play. He arrived on a recent Friday evening. The next day he won a race.

# LONDON LOOKS UP

*As a Barrage Balloon Rises Above Kilburn*

When W. H. Davies wrote his famous lines about man having no time to stop and stare, he clearly forgot the Londoner whose lunch-hour passion it is to lean over bridges and see the bustle of the port; to watch the road-menders with their throbbing drills; and, in fact, to gaze upon anything that diverts from the humdrum. Little wonder then that all eyes were cast upward in the Kilburn High Road last week when one of the gleaming balloons in London's barrage scheme was raised from the confined space of a cinema car park. The resultant show of curiosity must have greatly pleased Air Minister Sir Kingsley Wood, as the whole thing was planned in connection with his recruiting campaign for the barrage personnel

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# FRANCE PONDERS ABOUT HER FOREIGNERS:

## She Needs More Man-power, but is Disposed to Close the Frontier Against the Unwanted Immigrant

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT is no new thing for the French to bestow a penetrating glance on their foreign population. *Les étrangers* may hardly have presented much of a problem in the years and decades preceding the war, although our allies have always been among the most innately xenophobic of peoples, but in the twenty-odd years that I have been varyingly acquainted with France, the spotlight has time and again been turned on the ever-increasing multitude of aliens drawn magnetically into the Republic.

This occurred notably in the middle '20's when the franc slumped away and rendered life so relatively easy for such as could establish themselves on certain foreign currencies. It occurred again when the depression cost French-born workers their jobs—why should a single foreigner continue in employment so long as a solitary Frenchman was out of work? There was another flare-up at the time of the fateful murder (by a foreigner) of King Alexander, and this form of attention was repeated last November when a young Polish Jew killed Herr vom Rath. But it has taken the outcome of the Spanish civil war to place the whole issue of the alien in the forefront of practical politics.

YES, French men and women are thinking of their foreigners as they never did before. They are debating all kinds of measures—a head tax, a special statute, enforced naturalisation, military service, defence training, concentration camps for specific categories and, as a last resort, they are thinking of showing the frontier to all such as will not contribute in some form to strengthening the fabric of the State in perilous times.

The avalanche of between 300,000 and 400,000 Spanish militia and refugees precipitated matters. It was said that the cost of upkeep, to be borne by the French taxpayer, might amount to 20,000,000 francs a day, and that got Jacques Bonhomme on the raw. France had in the past been called "God's internment camp." With national finances in the condition they were, a halt would have to be called to the humanitarian work, however praiseworthy. Then there were other considerations. Continuously acting as sanctuary to political refugees would compromise France with certain foreign Powers. It would breed criminals among the fugitives themselves; take the bread from the Frenchman's family. And how about these huge masses of foreigners did war break out? Would they not spread sabotage, present a problem of the first consequence? The man-power that would be required to guard concentration camps! Already, at Argelès, had come a warning of that.

I hasten to say that if something new is likely to materialise from the present situation, tourists in good faith will at no time be involved. We may erase them from this picture. "Let them all come" remains the slogan, and if a certain risk is thereby engendered, well, there is nothing to be done about it. The *Services des Etrangers*, that branch of it dealing with tourists paying their transient way, is already extensive enough, in all conscience, to guard against perils of ingress. Rather might it bear re-casting so that less attention should be paid to tourists and more to alien settlers.

Let us say it: the trouble about France's foreign settlers is that they are allowed to drift in, or to heap in, unsifted, uncanalised. That is the main reason they are apt to become a nuisance, a handicap, or a ground for suspicion. Those who intend to stay as earners in the country could perhaps be classified more intelligently than they are. The amount of dossiers existing in their regard is certainly prodigious; the "paper war" forever circulating about them can be imagined only by those who have penetrated the police filing system. Nevertheless, the net result is that the wood is often not seen for the trees. For example, take the discovery that the staff at headquarters is capable of dealing with but 150 naturalisation applications daily, and that there are said to be no less than 700,000 awaiting judgment on their cases.

HOW, it is asked, did the United States cope with the mass immigration of millions from Europe that marked the '80's and '90's of last century? Why cannot France study what happened then, so that something of the same kind may be put into operation? For, of course, France wants the great bulk of her aliens, wants to retain them, but not loosely as foreigners strewn about the place. She wants them as citizens, compensating for the poor birth-rate, and fit to be called up as recruits.

Now that France looks across at open challengers on two of her land frontiers and upon, to say the least, a new-style customer liable to prove difficult along her third and remaining border—the Pyrenees—she needs man-power more than ever in the past. She needs it the more so inasmuch as her vaunted empire of 100,000,000, conjured after the war by General Mangin and reposing on the assumption that an overseas coloured population under the Tricolor of close on 60,000,000 could be drawn upon in times of stress, has grown more hypothetical owing to lines of communication menaces in and about the Mediterranean.

The last word has not been said in regard to the virtues or the reverse of a swelling birth-rate these times. *Will* so decisively much depend on sheer numbers in the age that is upon us? Machines dispense with labour. Defensive warfare has gained over the offensive brand and requires less men. Better to have a smaller but physically and economically sound population than a numerous, ill-found, and job-bereft one, at the greater mercy of each "recession." The last word remains to be said; all the same, the decline in the French birth-rate does assume frightening proportions if we contemplate events over a matter of, say, 250 years.

In the year 1700 France deemed herself to be uncomfortably bursting with a population of 20,000,000—amazing at that time. As recently as the Franco-Prussian War she counted over 38,000,000—more than Britain, Italy, or Germany—and only some 4,000,000 less than to-day, whereas in the past seventy years France's three chief neighbours have simply shot ahead by comparison. It could even be argued that the purely French population has stood still during that time because such increase as occurred was mainly caused by the number of aliens flocking into the territory of the Republic.

Two-thirds of France's eighty-three departments are losing inhabitants, and if the whole country followed the Parisians' notion of barely one child to a marriage, the national conscription figure would decrease by one-half. Time was, and not so long ago, when a *prix de tempérance* would be given for a "moderate number" of children. Now it is pointed out that if things are allowed to slide indefinitely the way they are going the population of France will have sunk to 35,000,000 by 1980, by which year neighbours may well have renewed again the strides they have made since 1870.

IT is beyond the scope of this article to state the full reasons for the French decline. All that can be said is that the French countryside is dying. A surfeit of old people, emptiness, *le désert au village*, as it is termed, houses and roads falling into disrepair. The best qualified students, such as Finance Minister Reynaud, insist that only a spiritual revival in the destiny of man, in his capacity to rear and keep a family by work, thereby achieving a greater content, can salve things.

Yet not all agree that the position is quite as black as this, and it is here that we revert to the aliens settled in France, of whom there are believed to be somewhat less than 3,500,000. Nor are these drawn to any great extent from politically uprooted ones, as is so commonly supposed. White Russians, Italian anti-Fascists, fugitives from Nazi Germany, were driven to France in large numbers, yet the bulk of the *émigrés* made the change-over because France had exerted her magnetism: life is freer, more abundant, climate more hospitable, natural surroundings more attractive. You can still get better value for money in France than in any other country. So powerful has been the magnet, that I see the foreign population of the Paris area has doubled—to 400,000—since I made acquaintance with it at the end of the war.

IN the vital Maritime Alps almost 30 per cent. of the inhabitants are foreign; next come the industrial Pas de Calais, the Nord, and the Seine, in each of which Poles and Belgians abound. The Italians are more on the land, in the Midi. Or else in the east, round Nancy. Prominent Frenchmen have latterly been revisiting their native villages in these parts and reporting "foreigners, foreigners." Yet do they all complain? No. They find that the great majority of the immigrants are useful and law-abiding folk, rarely out of a job, usually doing work that Frenchmen decline to do. They find that the Catholic Church does well in helping the settlers to find their places in the French social system, and that there is a widespread desire to become naturalised French citizens with a minimum of delay. But red tape and a hopeless blocking of applicants bar the way.

And yet—either these hundreds of thousands of would-be Frenchmen will be lost to the Republic at a critical time—for they are subject to increasing pressure from their home regimes—or they must be drawn into the French system as swiftly as may be. Very many of these alien workers on French soil are liable to be called back to the colours of armies that may find themselves at war with France. It is estimated that 600,000 foreigners in France are of combatant age, that is, between twenty-five and fifty, and that they could be fashioned into not less than sixteen extra divisions. This is leaving out of account men between twenty and twenty-five, who are few, being retained in other countries to do their military service.

HOW one or two of these lands envisage the Republic's turning an eye on its immigrants at this special time is indicated by recent moves on the part of Germany and Italy respectively. The Reich has let it be known that any more of its nationals who allow themselves to be persuaded into joining the French Foreign Legion, which it is aimed to expand considerably, will lose their status as German citizens. Rome has initiated a policy of luring back to the homeland Italian settlers in France. Not, however, with conspicuous success so far. Only 100-odd Italians of the 33,000 in Lyons are returning, while less than 200 of Corsica's 20,000 are prepared to do so. In the Marseilles region a couple of thousand entrained for Italy and so on to Libya, but the Italian population round Marseilles numbers well over 200,000!

To sum up: a good deal of hot talk is indulged in in France, currently because too many "white-collar" workers and professional men and women have of late contrived to find entry over the frontiers. Also too many "bad hats." And, tragically, too many old and ailing. These are confessedly the types of immigrant that France would keep at arm's length. But she wants as many of the right kind of settler as she can get.

## WILD SCENES OF DISORDER AT A NEW YORK NAZI RALLY

On February 20 Madison Square Garden, New York, was the scene of one of the stormiest meetings for many years when the German-American Bund—a militant, pro-Nazi organisation—held a rally attended by many of its members in uniform and by large numbers of anti-Nazis. The meeting soon developed into a free fight and police are seen (*top left*) rescuing Isadore Greenbaum, a sanitary engineer, after he had leapt on to the platform and been roughly handled by the storm troopers. A spectator of the proceedings was Dorothy Thompson (*top right*), journalist wife of novelist Sinclair Lewis, whose mocking laughter at the start of the proceedings led to her ejection by angry Bund supporters. Meanwhile, some furious fighting was going on outside the Garden and members of the crowd are shown (*below on left*) tumbling over each other in their haste as they were pressed back by mounted police (*below on right*)

# ON AND OFF THE "AXIS"

## A European Survey—Events in Spain, Poland, Germany, and Rumania -The Task of General Arenas—Black Sea Pact Talks

BARCELONA'S DICTATOR: General Arenas, Franco's Under-Secretary for Public Order, who has taken complete charge of the work of post-war reconstruction in the Catalan capital. He has already made notable progress in getting industry going

CARACCIOLA IN NAZI UNIFORM: The noted German racing driver (right) receiving his prize as "Champion Driver of Europe" from Corps Leader Huhnlein, of the Nazi Motor Corps, at a ceremony in Berlin

A MOMENTOUS MEETING IN RUMANIA: The Greek Prime Minister, General Metaxas (left), and Yugoslavia's Foreign Minister, M. Zinzar-Mashovitch, in conversation together at Bucharest where they gathered for the conference of the Balkan Entente at which the question of a Black Sea pact was under discussion

THE RAGE OF BERLIN: Henry Hall's dance band giving a performance at the Radio Festival, where they have been proving a really outstanding attraction. At every session eager dancers have been crowding round in order to get autographs from the former B.B.C. band leader and his men

COUNT CIANO IN POLAND: The Italian Foreign Minister pictured on arrival in Warsaw where he was met by the Polish Foreign Minister, Colonel Beck (right), with whom he discussed the position of their respective countries in the Danube Basin

LEARNING THE NAZI WAY: Herr Ludwig Koerner (left background), President of the Reich Culture Senate, talking to members of the Italian Entertainment Commission when they visited him in Berlin with a view to studying German methods of providing theatre, cinema, and radio entertainment for the masses. It is a significant fact that Italy, where Fascism first loomed large, tends increasingly to follow the lead of her younger partner, Germany, in certain matters of organisation

# THE BRITISH ARMY'S PREP. SCHOOL

## Life at the Duke of York's Military School, Dover

ONE DAY HE WILL TAKE THE KING'S SHILLING: A typical young member of the Duke of York's Military School at Dover where about 400 boys—all the sons of members of His Majesty's forces—are educated free between the ages of nine and fifteen, the instruction they receive being designed to fit them for a career in the services. On leaving, about 90 per cent. of them join up immediately and of these nearly all elect to go into the Army

IN THE CARPENTRY SHOP at the Duke of York's Military School, Dover, the boys receive practical instruction which later in life serves them in good stead. They are also taught tailoring and other trades, while at the same time they receive an all-round education that marks them out for promotion when the day comes for them to enter the Army, Navy, or Air Force

SITTING TO ATTENTION: The well-disciplined art class awaits the arrival of the master. *Below*—Boxing is quite the most popular sport at the school

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION is another big feature of the curriculum at the Duke of York's Military School, and here we see a young saxophonist studying his score before the morning practice under the expert supervision of the bandmaster who is seen above with raised baton. The school was founded in 1801 and over a hundred years later, in 1909, moved from Chelsea to Dover where it has since continued to train boys for His Majesty's Forces

# MILITARY CHEMISTS IN THE MAKING

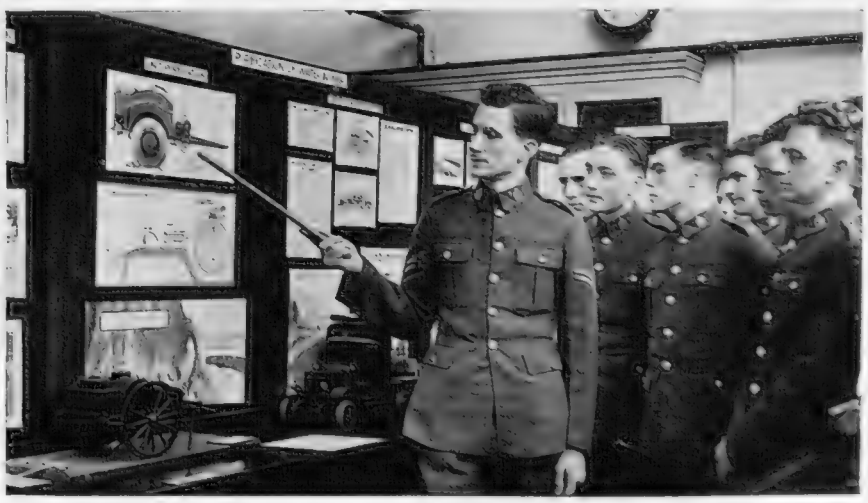
## The Work of the Royal Army Medical College at Millbank

CARRYING OUT A CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF THE CANNED RATION: A sergeant of the Royal Army Medical Corps at work in the laboratories of the Royal Army Medical College, Millbank, S.W.1, where men with an aptitude for scientific work of this nature receive an intensive course of training, punctuated by examinations, in order to fit them for work in one or other of the military laboratories

USING THE POLARIMETER for estimating the amount of sugar in a solution. One of many instruments employed in testing army rations which in these days have to be perfectly balanced. Among the host of subjects taught at the college are pathology, tropical medicine, ophthalmology, fever, radiology, and hygiene

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN ONE OF THE "LABS." at the Royal Army Medical College, where, among many things, the men study methods of testing food and water supplies. If they attain the necessary standard of efficiency on completing their initial training they receive the 3rd-class assistant's certificate, and thereafter are employed at military laboratories. After two years they can qualify for the 2nd-class certificate

STUDYING NAKED EYE SPECIMENS in the pathological museum; a class of laboratory assistants at work at the Royal Army Medical College. *Below*—Assistants being given an insight into methods of water purification suited to active-service conditions



# THE R.A.F. CALLS UP THE PIGEONS

## Germany's Balloon Barrage And Other News

NEWS TAKES WINGS: Releasing pigeons from an R.A.F. flying-boat at Calshot where a number of these birds are now being trained for war-time duties in which it would be their task to supplement wireless as a means of communication. *Below*—These pilot officers of the Royal Canadian Air Force have just arrived at Chester, where they are being taught to handle the latest machines

A MORNING'S OUTING: Pigeons being transferred from their loft to a basket at Calshot R.A.F. station before being taken out in a flying-boat from which they will make their own way home

GERMANY HAS FOLLOWED BRITAIN'S LEAD and since the September crisis has built up a balloon barrage scheme for the protection of her industrial areas. This picture, showing a balloon being inflated before raising, was taken on the outskirts of Berlin

A SPECTACULAR PHASE OF MODERN WAR: Infantrymen parachuting from a troop carrier at the Parachute School at Stendal, Prussia, where large numbers of men—all of them volunteers—are being trained with a view to the formation of the 1st Parachute Regiment. Such a force could be dropped behind enemy lines in time of war, but scarcely in secret. 500 planes would advertise their presence and reinforcement would be extremely difficult. The incursion from the air would be temporarily disconcerting but possibly only that

# IN FRANCE'S SECOND CITY

## A Survey of Life in the Great Seaport of Marseilles: Architecture That Needs a Co-ordinating Hand

**A TRIUMPH OF PLANNING:** The monumental staircase of the station approach in Marseilles is one of the outstanding features of the city which in some architectural respects is sadly lacking considering its great size and wealth

HOUSEPAINTING and general decorating are in full swing at Marseilles, and the town is getting ready to receive its first spring visitors. But there is something so garish about the colour schemes chosen, that one might be tempted to think that Marseilles is a settlement built by retired fairground showmen. Here is the reason, and here is why Marseilles, in spite of its fine buildings and numerous monuments of artistic value, looks, after all, rather pinchbeck.

One must remember, whilst admiring Marseilles, yet while criticising it, that amongst the 1,000,000 inhabitants of town and inner suburbs there are 300,000 who are foreign, half-foreign, or of foreign origin. Thus, the French of Marseilles have Italian, Spanish, Greek, or Tunisian heads as the case may be. Thus, their tastes, not being identical, produce this extraordinary mixture of styles, forms and colours, not only in architecture and decoration but also in dress.

One trait strongly marks the people of Marseilles, and that is their *insouciance* and *sans-gêne*, their lack of quick decision, and their seeming indifference as to the result of their efforts in any particular direction. Most public works, started with enthusiasm, remain unfinished for years; and thus the beauty of the town is marred, though what is accomplished, as, for example, the magnificent station approach, is a monument of civic planning unknown elsewhere in France.

Unfortunately, contrasted with this is what is called the Place des Demolitions. Its name indicates everything, and unhappily it is in the very centre of the town. In the centre of a plot of clover, surrounded by paltry railings, an insignificant fountain of Lalique glass squirts a little water towards the sky; whilst around this enclosure, which is frequented only by idlers, travelling acrobats, weight-lifters and others perform from 10 a.m. till dusk. In and about the changing crowds of onlookers, peanut and ice-cream sellers wend their way. The outer ring of this ignoble place is occupied by car parks and dumps of discarded masonry. That is an example of civic *insouciance* and *sans-gêne*. Its parallel is to be found in the bad taste of tenants of flats in magnificent new buildings, flats at rents of, and above, the equivalent of £3 per week, who think nothing of hanging their washing over the balcony railings. But in spite of all this Marseilles is a most interesting town to see and to study, a blaze of colour under an almost perpetually blue sky.

**"AUX POILUS D'ORIENT, 1914-1918":** This monument to the men of Marseilles who fought on the eastern fronts during the great war is silhouetted against the harbour. Particularly impressive is the figure, with arms upraised, a few paces in front of the arch

**EPITOME OF ULTRA MODERNITY:** The façade of a cinema being built on advanced architectural lines in the Avenue Marechal Foch. This avenue forms part of a new residential district that is arising in Marseilles

Marseilles abounds with little squares and monuments, corners with little fountains, and unexpected nooks containing some architectural motif. The main avenues, and especially the famous Prado, are well lined with plane trees; but the whole town needs "pulling together" by a genius like Haussmann. That, however, can never be; for only quite a small portion of Marseilles is on flat land, the greater part of the town is built upon numerous sharp little hills, which rise from sea level to 130 and sometimes 250 ft. high within the distance of a mile.

It is no wonder that Marseilles is, if nothing else, a paradise for cobblers, of whom there are thousands. But for those who do not care to walk, or who cannot climb, Marseilles possesses a most wonderful tramway system, the cars of which climb the winding roads of the very steepest hills with ease, and take people to the most "outlandish" places one could imagine, where houses are built at all angles, and almost on the top of each other—houses the cellars of which are often hewn out of the rock. One has to see these labyrinths of "traverses" to believe that anyone could climb up so high and live there.

Life in Marseilles is easy-going: nobody is ever in a hurry. The business hustle of London or Paris is utterly unknown. The little work which appears to be done (excepting, of course, in the port) begins very leisurely about 9 a.m. Everything shuts down from noon to 2.15 p.m., when there is hardly any traffic whatever in the streets. The afternoon's work finishes at 6 p.m., and in some cases 7 p.m. Work *is* done, however, but it is quite evident that if the port were taken away Marseilles would be a "dead" town. All trade here depends directly or indirectly upon that of the port, for there are few industries or manufactures beyond those of soap, cement, faiences and bricks, chocolate, furniture and general carpentry.

There is no doubt about it, Marseilles is a place where pleasure is just as much sought as work. One is tempted to wonder how the thousands which flock the main grand boulevard, La Canebière, from early morning to late at night, filling the cafés and cinemas to overflowing, manage to live as they do; eating and drinking enormously, and being well-dressed—after the fashion of Marseilles.

Marseilles is certainly gay, at least on the surface. The people look happy, and if happiness consists in keeping up an illusion, as has been said, the illusion of the people of Marseilles is that they have the finest town in the world. But the truth is that, with all its brilliance, largely due to sun and climate, Marseilles is what the French of Paris call *faux chic*, what an English visitor would

(Continued on next page)

**REMINDER OF A GRIM DAY IN THE CITY'S HISTORY:** A model of the monument which is now being built in Marseilles to the memory of King Alexander of Yugoslavia and M. Barthou

# MARSEILLES

## Second City of France

(*Cont. from previous page*)

call "a little cheap and gaudy," and what an American visitor might say "would be dear to the heart of Mae West"!

The people of Marseilles dress in a way which is quite in keeping with their happy-go-lucky life. One would think that each morning they put on the nearest piece of clothing at hand on getting out of bed. Nut-brown suits with wide flapping trousers are accompanied by salmon-coloured shirts and a multi-coloured tie; or one may see a grey coat with light grey flannel trousers, a green shirt the pattern of which looks like a plan of the tramway system, and a red or blue tie. Hats are hardly ever worn by men. The dress of the average woman of Marseilles has a provincial note.

But there are some very well-dressed people here, and they are the wealthy who live in expensive flats or very fine houses in the area of the Prado, which is situated between the rock-mountain coastal suburb and the mountains behind the town. This is the only area of Marseilles in which one can circulate in a car without fear that within half an hour of setting out the mudguards will be squashed. The wealthy people of Marseilles keep to themselves, spending spring and autumn lolling on the terraces and loggias of their houses, the summer motoring in the mountains behind the Riviera, and the winter in Paris.

In winter one has to be on one's guard against the weather, for the town is swept every few days by the piercingly cold blast of the mistral. Though snow and ice are rare at Marseilles, there are many days in winter when the difference of temperature between here and Paris, as far as personal comfort is concerned, is not appreciable. As in Paris, the café terraces are enclosed by glass screens, and radiators are installed. Heavy overcoats, furs, and mufflers are worn, and one quite forgets, despite the sun and blue sky, that one is at the point farthest south in France.

During the winter the inner social life of Marseilles can best be observed. There are innumerable small societies of the "mutual improvement" order, political groups, musical unions, and others. Then there is the Opéra, where most excellent performances are given quite cheaply. World-renowned singers and musicians come to Marseilles. Only a few weeks ago I had the joy of hearing Cortot for the equivalent of one shilling (to put it that way!). Though the Opéra was packed out, one could have heard a pin drop. The people of Marseilles are appreciative of good music, although, taking the Opéra in their usual *sans-gêne* way, there is generally an entire absence of evening dress.

Marseilles is one of those places which "must be seen to be believed." The nonchalance of its people is amazing. The most serious political events do not scare them. During the momentous week in September last, thousands upon thousands roamed the streets and filled the cafés with just the same animation as on July 14.

G. C.

**SYMBOL OF THIS MODERN AGE:** The imposing entrance to the new power station in the fast-developing Cape Janette quarter of Marseilles

**THE GROWING PORT:** One of the new dockside storage sheds erected by the P. and O. company at Cape Janette where the facilities for handling cargo are being considerably increased

**THE NEW GENERAL POST OFFICE:** Another giant addition to the buildings of Marseilles which continues to grow apace with the steady prosperity of the port. In growing, however, it lacks uniformity

**FLANKING THE AVENUE MARECHAL FOCH** are modern flat buildings of this type. Their appearance would seem to indicate the current trend towards regimentation in the architecture of France

CURIOSITY OF THE VIEUX PORT: Rising above the old houses and the fishing boats is this ultra-modern "flat" building which, with its promenade decks, port-holes, d mast, must surely be the work of a mariner. Certain citizens of Marseilles have complained that it is an eyesore, but perhaps it is not so incongruous as they imagine

# MARSEILLES' CHANGING SKYLINE

*Described and Illustrated*
By
GEORGES CLARRIÈRE

)NE of the first questions which a visitor to Marseilles must certainly ask of himself, if not of others, is, "Where is the d town, the ancient city of the Phocæans, and afterwards at of the Romans?" The answer is "Everywhere and where." The ghost of an ancient city doubtless remains, ough none but archæologists could trace it, and then probably ily to discover fragments of doubtful authenticity. With e probable exception of the only remarkable church in arseilles, the fortress-church of Saint Victor, on the hillside uth of the Vieux Port, the immense town, second largest in rance, may now be considered merely old, or intensely new.

Apart from a number of eighteenth-century buildings, cluding the fine Hotel de Ville, and the picturesque but ualid dwellings which form a background to it, the mainder of the town is of the period of Napoleon III, llowed by that monotonously regular type of construction, corated with poor renaissance-style ornamentation, which was new and obably considered handsome in days when tramway systems were a novelty id automobiles unknown.

The new architecture of Marseilles is intensely modern, and often almost tounding in conception. A useful comparison might be made between Marseilles id Liverpool. The new is sweeping away the old and shabby in both cities. hat little there be of historic or architectural value is being preserved.

Marseilles is built upon a group of small but exceedingly steep hills, in reality normous rocks which have escaped the waters of the Mediterranean Sea. The foundation, therefore, is extremely solid; and this fact, together with those of restricted space and cost of land, has, one might suggest, enticed architects and constructors to build very high, and to indulge in ferro-concrete buildings of apparently so daring a nature as to make one wonder sometimes how long they will stand. These constructions, however, are exactly suited to the climate; for what one calls "weather conditions" are less of a problem here than away north at Liverpool.

In the new and huge blocks of flats, the Marseillais generally demand two particular things: in front, large windows of single sheets of glass, which open like a modern Continental railway carriage window, or in the form of a folding screen, one form or the other leading on to a balcony; and at the back another, but smaller, balcony, opposite the kitchen, on which balcony are a cement wash-tub with scrubbing slab, a shower-bath, and a dust-shoot. It is almost needless to say that the most modern blocks of flats in Marseilles are wired for electric light, power, telephones, refrigerators, and radio; and supplied with gas, central heating, hot water, and lifts.

All Marseilles is like a stage "set," at least at first sight. To the eyes of anyone from the north, nothing but the oldest buildings look real and solid. All the views and panoramas, without exception, even to the sea, look like scenes from comic operas: the houses of cardboard and the trees of paper. The sun is so glaringly bright and the sky so intensely blue that everything looks, at first glance, painted in wrong colours, so to speak. Small crowds in little squares or other places look like "supers," and if any particularly well-dressed person comes along he looks like a "star." But when one has been in Marseilles a week or so the eye becomes accustomed to what is, after all, perfectly sound and solid.

Look at the illustration of the "flat" building which is on the quay in the Vieux Port. This is the most extraordinary modern structure in Marseilles. One would think that the architect was a retired mariner, for the promenade decks, the port-holes and the mast are suggested in ferro-concrete. This building has caused enormous controversy in Marseilles, and an æsthetic group petitioned for it to be razed to the ground. It stands, however, and viewed as a whole, in its surroundings, it is not incongruous, nor nearly so "irritating" as the gilded statue on the tower of the church of Notre Dame de la Garde.

SUBURBAN MARSEILLES: Two giant blocks of flats typical of those which are now going up so rapidly on the outskirts of the city and supplanting the dwellings of the Second Empire period. Some of the designs are quite fantastic

It is especially in the immediate suburbs of Marseilles where, with the exception of the above-mentioned building, the most extraordinary buildings are being erected. Immense blocks of very up-to-date flats are rapidly sweeping away the old houses, and in the Villas Paradis district, architects seem to be going wild. It is strange, but under this almost cloudless blue sky, and with all but continuous sunshine, this extremely new architecture does not shock the eye as it might do under the sky of London.

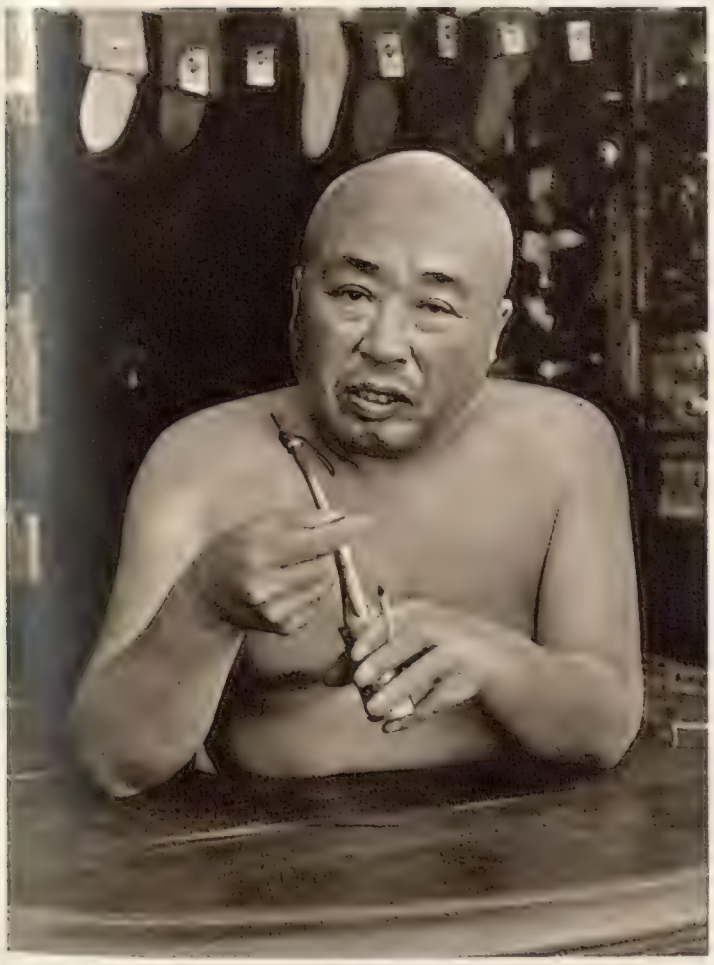
*A note from the course—*

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE IS THE MAN'S CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE

# BEHIND the LINES in SOUTH CHINA :

Peaceful Aspects of Life in the War-Ravaged Coastal Province, Kwang-Si

MODERN WOMEN OF KWANG-SI PROVINCE: Two young ladies in western-style dress. It is not shyness that has made one girl place a handkerchief before her mouth, but instinct born of the fact that her ancestors were wont to do this whenever they met a foreigner, fearing that foreign devils might jump down their throats



THIS TRADER ON THE PEARL RIVER has stripped to the waist on account of the great heat, and thus in cool comfort he cruises slowly along between the avenue of boat dwellings. His wares are displayed on deck

*On right*—MARKET DAY in a town behind the fighting lines in Kwang-Si, the great province of the south, where China and Japan have been at grips for months past, but where peaceful scenes such as this exist

# INNER MONGOLIA — A WATCHING BRIEF :

A NOMAD OF THE ASIAN STEPPE: A pastoralist of Inner Mongolia standing before his yurt, a rude dwelling of felt which he can easily dismantle when he moves on with his herd to new grazing grounds. Such nomads are nominally under the suzerainty of Japan, for on October 28, 1937, the "autonomous Government of Inner Mongolia" was established, the new state being voted into being by a "national assembly" of 500 delegates who accepted Japan's anti-Comintern doctrines

THE CAMEL REMAINS THE VITAL FACTOR IN MONGOLIAN LIFE, and the camel trains still make their steady way across the plains, though not to the same extent as of old

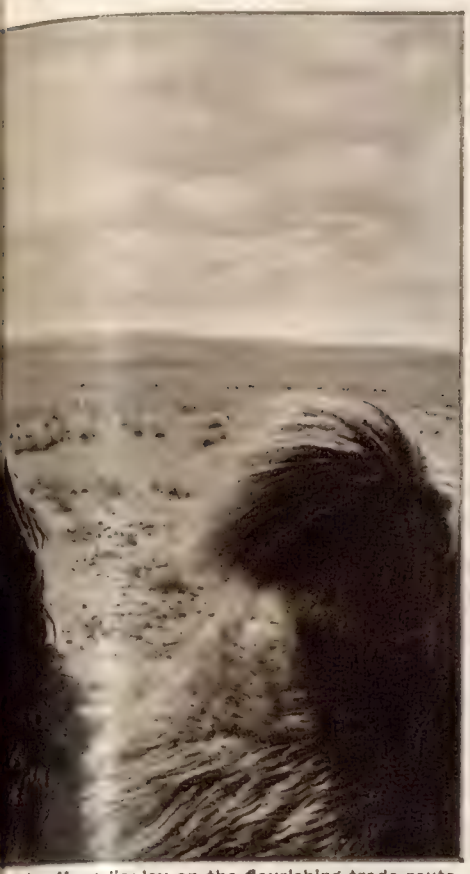
BEAUTY BLOSSOMS IN THE DESERT AIR: This gorgeously-trinketed lady is the daughter of a Mongol prince and the wife of a well-to-do pastoralist owning herds of cattie, goats and camels. Though thus high born she does not live a life of leisure, her daily routine as a housewife making it necessary to prepare the meals, milk the goats and gather cattie dung for fuel. When food for the herds becomes scarce in one part of the country she and her husband fold up their yurts and, gipsy-like, move on to some place where the pastures are more abundant. It is difficult to comprehend how Japan expects to weld a nomadic people to her system

CREATING A MODERN ARMY: Pig-tailed recruits being given rifle instruction on the vast natural parade ground of the steppe. A picture that evidences Japanese influence in Inner Mongolia and a phase of the modernisation process that is being carried through by the administra ment came into being in cation of the Mongol peop The latest handbooks

*On right*—NOMADS IN UNIFORM: A detachment of Inner Mongolian infantry on the march. It is a strange sight to see these young men thus clad, and in the eyes of Japan it must be a matter for great satisfaction, as the existence of this pro-Japanese force along a part of China's northern border reduces communication between China and her principal arms supplier, Russia

# WHERE JAPAN HOLDS

## Sights and Scenes in a Land that is at Present Witnessing Vast Changes



when Mongolia lay on the flourishing trade route from China to Russia. To-day Japanese influence in Mongolia makes it necessary for the Chinese to bring in their supplies by another route

THE INGENUITY OF THE FOREIGNER is still a source of wonder to the pastoralist, and when this young fellow had the opportunity of handling a camera it was no easy matter to make him part with it again. Before long, however, he will be taking these things more for granted as the new Japanese-controlled Government which came into being in 1937 is making a big effort to modernise the land and turn it into a market for her industrial products

stration of Prince Teh who, when his Govern- n October, 1937, freely admitted the identifi- people with the aims and aspirations of Japan. a give no indication of the army's size

BIRTHPLACE OF THE SO-CALLED INDEPENDENCE MOVEMENT: Tehua, where over two years ago the Mongol leader, Prince Teh, called upon his fellow nomads to shake off the "yoke of China"

*Below*—SPIRITUAL PROTECTION: A "prayer flag" set up within a short distance of a settlement, its object being to keep away evil spirits, of which the Mongolians stand greatly in awe. The settlement belongs to one of Mongolia's great princes or feudal overlords, nearly all of whom have been won over to the Japanese viewpoint

and establish an autonomous government. Soon enough it transpired that he was merely shifting the country's allegiance to the Japanese. *Below*—The two-headed figure of a Buddhist deity in a Mongol lamasery

# DOGS HAVE THEIR DAY

. . .

*A Doberman Pinscher Triumphs in New York*

. . .

*Sydney's Wireless-Conscious Alsatian*

BEST IN THE SHOW: Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge's Doberman pinscher, Ferry v. Raufelhsen, which won the championship at the 63rd annual exhibition of the Westminster Kennel Club in New York

THE TYPE FOR A GALLOPING COUNTRY: This is Speaker, who was judged the best English-bred foxhound at the New York Hound Show held at the Squadron "A" Armoury, Madison Avenue. Speaker belongs to the popular Rolling Rock pack, which is hunted by Mr. Richard K. Mellon in the lowlands of western Pennsylvania

ALL SET: A dog posing beside his passport—one of the new identification cards issued by the National Canine Defence League. It is suggested that dog owners should carry these cards, thus enabling them to give the fullest particulars of their dogs if they should be lost. So often owners are unable to describe their dogs adequately, thus marring the chances of recovering them

*On left*—WITH A MINIATURE RECEIVING SET STRAPPED TO HER BACK, Zoe, Australia's wonder Alsatian, brought to fruition a two-year-old ambition of her trainer, Constable Denholm, of Sydney, by performing tricks at the direction of Denholm who was secreted at a microphone 50 yds. away. She walked up and down ladders, turned a tap on and off, and actually removed her own collar

# IN CHINA ONE DRINKS TAR-ASUN..*

...WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

# Schweppes

* Tar-asun is the old-style beer of China. Brewed from wheat or barley, it is sweet, and generally drunk warm. But a Chinese epicure can pay you no higher compliment than ask you to enter his execrable house and delight his despicable family by cooling your honourable throat with celestial Schweppes.

**WHEREVER** YOU ARE... THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes

*Gentlemen!*

*your* **Johnnie Walker —**

It may be for lunge, or it may be for dinner, but an engagement with Johnnie Walker is something too good to miss. There are many fine whiskies distilled in Scotland, and each as it matures and mellows develops some special quality that you would enjoy. But in Johnnie Walker you enjoy them all at once; for Johnnie Walker, as you probably know, is a blend of all the finest whiskies in Scotland.

**Slanting Draperies** on Maggy Rouff's royal blue marocain frock with high puffed sleeves, a very curved waist, and a crisp white organdie knot at the neck

**Schoolgirl Innocence** portrayed in Maggy Rouff's black spot-muslin dress with a white organdie yoke and the skirt fullness tied with velvet bows

**Pique on Coats,** used by Balenciaga to border a square sailor collar and to tie a narrow belt on a gently flared double-breasted coat of navy blue wool

**Waistcoat Effects** and gilets appear on coats and frocks. Marcel Rochas imposes a mustard-yellow one on a black suit with a double flare in skirt and jacket

**Bordered Crepes** are used with great ingenuity. Chanel does the tasseled frock below in black crepe with a panel and sleeve trimming of white fronds

# DAYTIME DATA

Modesty is the new note.

**Schoolgirl Outfits** go right to the top of the class. Flared dresses with small neat waists and demure white collars, mostly in navy. Pleated skirts with waist or hip length fitted jackets buttoned straight down the front. Coats sashed or unbelted, with white piqué at the neck and wrists. Worn with them, plain little bonnets perched atop hair caught in a bow at the nape of the neck, or schoolgirl sailors in coarse straw.

**Afternoon Frocks,** slightly less ingenuous, show asymmetric drapes from shoulder to waist, front or side fullness to skirts, apron, peplum, and bustle effects, hem bindings or petticoats, brief boleros, low waists, rounded hips, and an almost miraculous flatness from waist to bosom. Worn with minute hats lost in a cloud of parti-coloured veiling or a drift of snowy organdie and lace, topped with flower-drenched toques, or crowned with Suzy's sailors with gauze streamers looped at the back.

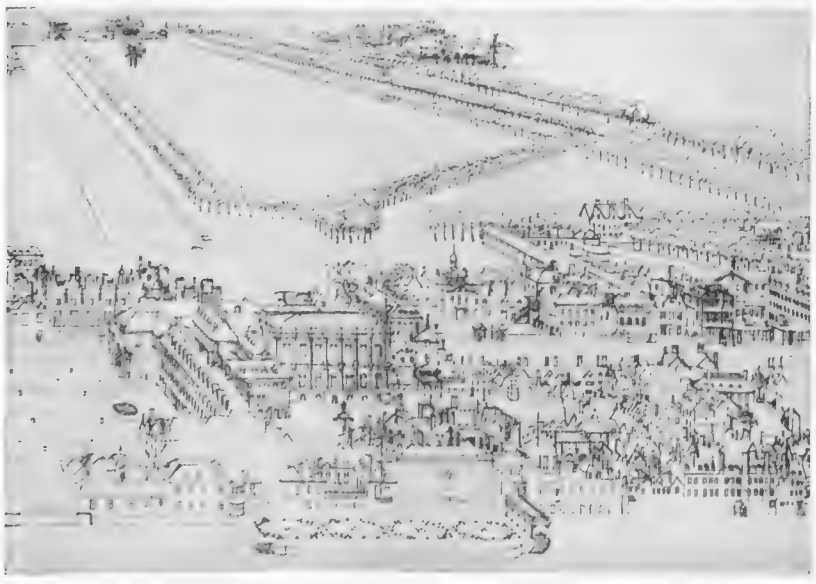
**Suits** are still divided. Plaids and plains mixed, or jacket and skirt in two colours. Lots of dresses worn with short coats. New waist-length monkey jackets, many hip-length, and some wrist-length classic and very curved. Nipped-in waists, frequently seamed, with high revers, back interest, and flared, gored, or pleated skirts 16 ins. from ground. Creed does half belts with basques that do not break the front line of the coat. Rochas likes waistcoat effects. Chanel uses white braid on silk suits, and puts white revers, bands, and buttonholes on navy suits.

**Coats** flare from a well-defined waist. Shoulders are blocked and rounded rather than squared, many have centre fullness from the waist at the back. Sports coats in enormous checks are chunky or very square. Chanel does a series of plain coats lined with print to match the dresses that show an inch below them. Maggy Rouff lines her coats with a brilliant colour that stresses the tones of the print.

**Details.**—Masses of lingerie yokes, petticoats, collars and sleeve bands. Delicate lace and chiffon blouses. Taffeta, spot muslin, and linen as new daytime favourites. Velvety woollens, especially in shadow plaids. Some tie silks and satin-striped organzas. Starred colours, navy blue first, black, Molyneux' new navy-green, bright blue, lavender, honey, bright yellows, light magenta and fuchsia.

THE EARLIEST KNOWN DRAWING OF THE WHITEHALL PALACE SITE which is now being excavated by the Office of Works, who are bringing to light many of the bygone glories of what was in Tudor and Stuart days the principal residence of the Kings and Queens of England and only languished when William III came to the throne. The view is an enlarged portion of the picture map made by Anthony Van den Wyngaerde some time between 1543 and 1550. The original is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It shows a plain river wall without buttresses; two landing stages with mooring-posts; a group of four gabled buildings partly overhanging the river, backed by a long building, in the position of the famous Stone Gallery. To the north is a building which may be Henry's Great Hall or the Chapel, for the two buildings are not separately indicated. Landing at the stairs, one passed through a gateway into a garden. The whole Royal site is enclosed within a wall

THE ROYAL PALACE SITE IN ABOUT 1560: This view has been adapted from the picture map of Ralph Agas, presumably drawn some ten or fifteen years after the Wyngaerde effort. A defined river wall is indicated, pierced as before by two landing places, but they differ materially in shape from those in the Wyngaerde map, the one leading to the Royal garden being covered with out-buildings. A transverse row of buildings leads towards the Holbein Gate and farther north are two gabled buildings which may indicate the Great Hall and the Chapel



THE EXCAVATIONS undertaken by the Office of Works upon the site of the old Palace of Whitehall (subsequent to the demolition of the houses of Whitehall Gardens) have brought to light evidences of the old Tudor palace which had vanished from sight for nearly 250 years. Only the King's wine-cellar, adjacent to the former Great Hall of Wolsey and Henry VIII, had remained, situated below the Georgian building known as Cromwell House. This had lost much of its original appearance, due to its use as a luncheon-room necessitating partition walls. Now that all recent additions have been removed it is seen as a vaulted brick crypt standing on stone shafts. Whitehall Palace had a short history in comparison with Windsor Castle and the Westminster Palace of the Plantagenet kings, but it enjoyed the heyday of royalty when monarchs held undisputed authority and were expected to display splendour and power. It holds memories of a century filled with stirring events, the coming of the new knowledge, of the Reformation and of the discovery of the new lands beyond the seas. All the great men of the age gathered around the throne which was centred at Whitehall.

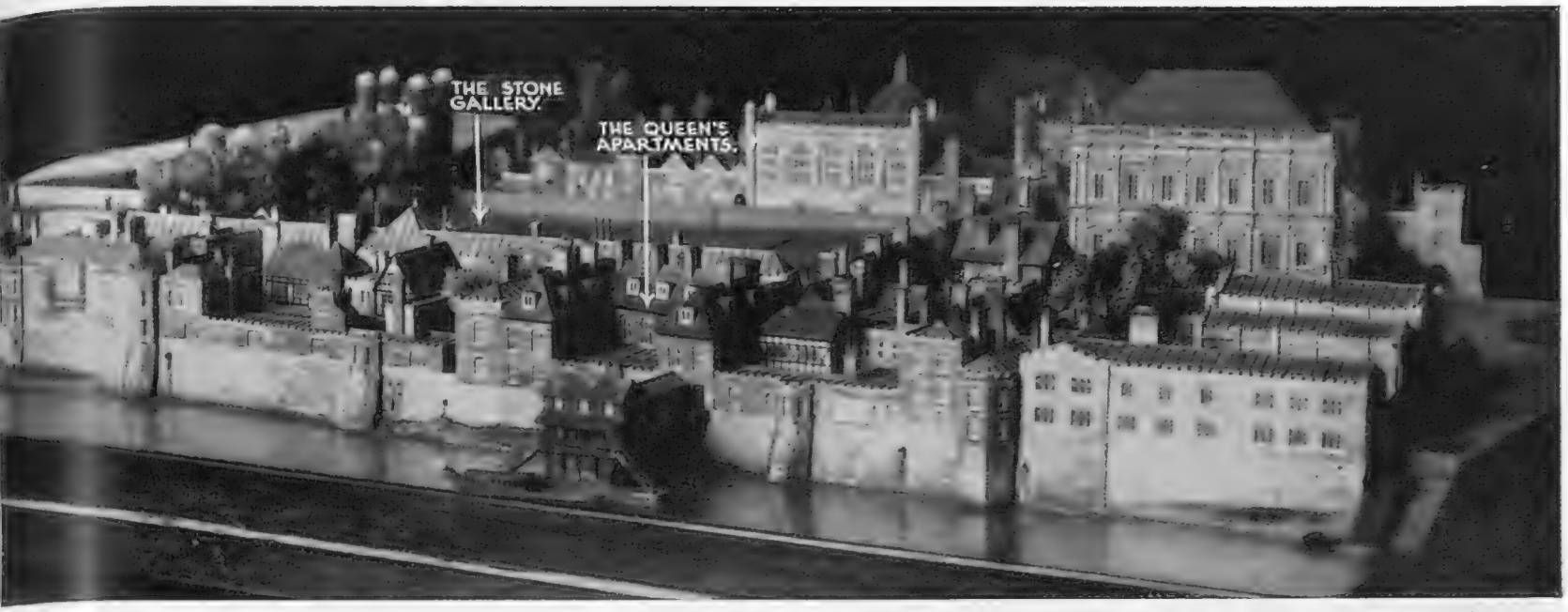
Everyone knows that Whitehall was originally the London residence of the Archbishop of York, being entitled York Place, and that Cardinal Wolsey, as Archbishop of the northern province, had made it renowned for the magnificence of his entertainment, for its furnishings of velvet, and cloth of gold, tapestries, gold and silver plate, and the splendour of his retinue. When the great Cardinal fell, Henry VIII seized his London house, regardless of the fact that it was not the Cardinal's private property, but the possession of the See of York. The King had some justification in that he needed a new palace, as the old palace of Westminster, adjoining the Abbey, had been much destroyed by fire and was described as being in utter ruin and decay.

An Act of the subservient Parliament in 1536 formally annexed the estate of York Place, which was henceforth to be "deemed the King's whole Palace at Westminster, and be called and named the King's Palace at Westminster for ever." This, however, was not to be realised, for already

*On left*—A PUZZLE PICTURE: "Whitehall Palace in 1714" is the inscription to this drawing by Kip in the British Museum. It is reproduced in Edgar Sheppard's book on the Palace, but the date given seems to be wrong as it is known that the Royal residence was destroyed by a great fire in 1698. The drawing was clearly made after the erection of the Banqueting Hall, the Horse Guards, and Wallingford House, and the Queen's Garden is shown projecting into the river with its curving flight of steps leading to the water. The buildings to the left of the Banqueting Hall look as if they may be the Wren block running east to west, built for James II. The mass of buildings lining the river front would very definitely appear to indicate a period just before the fire

# The OLD PALACE of WHITEHALL REVEALED by EXCAVATION

## Where the Buildings Stood and How They Looked in the Heyday of Their Bustling Life: The Thames-side Home of England's Monarchs Through Tudor and Stuart Periods




IN THE YEAR OF CHARLES THE FIRST'S EXECUTION: This model of Whitehall Palace, which is now on view at the United Service Institution, shows the Royal residence as it looked in 1649 at the time of its greatest glory. Before the end of the century a big fire had razed it to the ground. Behind the landing stage are seen the Queen's apartments which were later rebuilt by Wren

in Shakespeare's time it had obtained the name by which it was subsequently known.

"You must no more call it York Place, that's past.
For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the King's and called Whitehall."

The Cardinal had been responsible for building the Great Hall and Chapel, close to the river. Part of the tessellated pavement of the Chapel has now been uncovered and a section of the wall of the Great Hall showing a chequer pattern of black and white plaster. King Henry added many buildings to the latter, and also employed Holbein to build a gateway across the road leading to Charing Cross, which was used also to connect the main palace with the additional houses erected on the edge of St. James's Park, where a tilt yard and cockpit represented some of the Royal pleasures.

The Palace was always a rambling one, lacking outward magnificence or stately façade, but covering a great extent of ground from Old Scotland Yard almost to where Westminster Bridge now stands. It is difficult to get any accurate impression of what it was exactly like, but apparently it was somewhat of

FROM ANOTHER ANGLE: The United Service Institution's model of the Palace viewed from the north. The big building towards the right is the Banqueting Hall, which still remains intact, while beside is the Holbein Gate. A gallery linked Banqueting Hall and Great Hall

the style of Hampton Court, but lacking the simplicity due to the many additional buildings put up from time to time. In any case, it must have had a charm and a picturesque quality often lost in more correct and regular buildings.

The present banqueting hall, which was erected for James I by Inigo Jones, was part of a colossal scheme for a palace which would have rivalled Versailles. If this conception had ever been realised it would have been able, one imagines, to have housed all the Ministries for which the Government is now to erect a huge modern edifice. It was to present four splendid frontages, having towers at the corners, and to contain a vast central courtyard as well as lesser courts. Lack of money prevented more than the fragment which still remains from being erected. Charles I was too harassed for money to pursue the ambitious design of Inigo Jones.

The great bulk of the Royal apartments were close to the river edge, as can be seen from the maps made at various times, from

(Continued on next page)

THIS PLASTERED DADO ORNAMENTED WITH ARABESQUES OF GREY ON A BLACK GROUND has been found in the excavations now being carried out by the Office of Works on the Whitehall site. It adorned what is known as the Queen's Back Stairs. Much of the pattern has been marred by the addition of later plaster

REMAINS OF THE SOUTHERN END OF THE GREAT HALL brought to light during the present excavations. The hall was built for Wolsey in 1528 when he lived in Whitehall in conditions of considerable splendour, arousing Henry VIII's jealousy. Part of the original chequer pattern can still be seen on the wall

# OLD WHITEHALL: Further Pictures of the Palace Excavation Work

A FINE OLD DOORWAY of now demolished Cromwell House in the Horse Guards Avenue on the north side of the precincts of Whitehall Palace. Many of the buildings on the Palace site were not given extensive basements, thus accounting for the existence beneath them of remains of earlier date

By courtesy of "The Illustrated London News"

COMPRESSING THE THAMES: This drawing was made in the 60's of the last century and shows work in progress on the construction of the Embankment. By this engineering effort the river was made to run in a much narrower channel and at a distance of about 100 yards from the Whitehall Palace site

(Cont. from previous page)

which one obtains a fair idea of what the palace must have been like. The most detailed of these maps, dated 1680, by Fisher, shows the whole lay-out, with the six bastions on the river front, the public stairs, the privy stairs for the use of the court, the Privy Garden, Great Hall, Chapel, gateways, all the numerous apartments allotted to the use of the Royal Family, and the numerous offices for the kitchen, pantries, butteries, and everything required for the huge Royal gathering. Many galleries are mentioned, the most famous being the Stone Gallery which lay between the broad Privy Garden and the Royal apartments. It was in this gallery that Charles I hung the pictures which he had been so assiduously collecting during the peaceful part of his reign and here it was that people gathered to meet the King as he came out from his private quarters.

Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn frequently mention being in this gallery when on errands to the Palace, which was apparently a very open one, without embattled walls, and free to the general public, who would come in to see the King dining in state, or at worship in the Royal chapel.

So much has been written by eye-witnesses of the Whitehall of Charles II that one is able to picture the swarthy monarch from his getting up in his private bedchamber, through all his daily occupations, to his gay evenings with the ladies of the Court. He would enter the Stone Gallery, chat to some who were waiting to speak to him, pass on with a light "God bless you" across the Privy Garden, and over the road to the park where he would exercise his many dogs, who always accompanied him. Charles II made few alterations or additions to the Palace, his interests did not lie in building schemes, but rather in the new scientific discoveries.

His brother, James II, in his short and troubled reign had started to add to the Palace—Evelyn notes in his diary of October 18, 1685, "The King was now building all that range from east to west by ye Court and Garden to ye streete, and making a new Chapel for ye Queene, whose lodgings were to be in this new building, as also a new Council Chambre, and offices next ye south end of ye Banqueting House."

WHITEHALL IN 1766: An old print depicting the Banqueting Hall, one of the few parts of Whitehall Palace that survived the great fire of 1698 and which still stands to-day. It is shown rising above the houses lining what is now called Horse Guards Parade. The vaulted gateway and gabled buildings vanished after the time of Paul Sandby, who made this drawing about 1766

*On left—*

THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE PRIVY KITCHENS which have just been unearthed by the excavators of the Office of Works. They were built by Wolsey, who made vast improvements to his Whitehall property before it was seized by Henry VIII

THE NORTHERN FRONTAGE OF THE OLD PALACE SITE: This drawing... the chapel and kitchens. All these buildings lay on the northern extremity... Guards Avenue. Thus it has only been possible to excavate the S.E.

WHERE THE THAMES ONCE FLOWED: Looking right across the present Whitehall excavations to the Embankment completed in the 60's. A picture showing how the river has been pushed back about 100 yards since the time of Henry VIII when it coursed by the windows of the old palace

But with the flight of King James and the arrival of Dutch William and Queen Mary, Whitehall Palace very soon lost its greatness and ceased to be the permanent residence of the monarch. King William, suffering from asthma, thought Whitehall was too smoky and retired to Kensington. A disastrous fire in 1691, and a further one in 1698, were the final blows. "Whitehall burnt; nothing but walls and ruins left," wrote Evelyn. All the Royal apartments and over 150 dwellings used by the Court were destroyed. Many houses had been blown up to prevent the fire spreading. Only the Banqueting Hall had been spared. There was some talk of rebuilding, for William III was busy with altering Hampton Court, and as he wrote to one of his friends: "The loss is less to me than it would be to another person, for I cannot live there."

In the early years of the eighteenth century visits were made by various wealthy members of the nobility and gentry for permission to clear a portion of the ruined precincts and to erect houses; those houses in which many of the notabilities of the Georgian and early Victorian periods spent their leisured lives, enjoying the beautiful vista of the river over the terraced garden. It is these houses with their beautiful ceilings, panelled walls, and elegantly-designed fireplaces, that have been so recently demolished by the order of the Government.

They had, alas, for some time passed out of private hands and being Crown property had been used for Government offices. The process of clearing the site immediately revealed an astonishing amount of the work of previous epochs. The periods now revealed to the eye of the visitor range from the time of Cardinal Wolsey, through the period of Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth, James I, Charles I, Charles II, James II to William and Mary.

One can actually walk down a broad curving flight of river steps which, it is believed, were made for the consort of Dutch William. The steps adjoined the northern end of the terraced garden which had been projected out into the river, thus breaking the old bastioned line of the Tudor river wall.

B. H.

THE KING'S WINE-CELLAR has been used until recently as a luncheon-room for members of the staffs of the Transport and Labour Ministries. Now it is being thoroughly investigated and here we see the handsome vaulted ceiling with its modern plasterwork torn away to reveal the original brick. The original floor is also revealed by the removal of a floor built above

BEFORE THE TRANSFORMATION: The King's wine-cellar as it looked a few months ago when its fine ceiling had a modern covering of plasterwork and the floor was 10 ft. above its original level

shows the relative positions of the Great Hall of King Henry VIII and of the Palace site and to-day part of their foundations are under Horse Guards of the buildings. (Drawn for "The Sphere" by D. Macpherson)

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXCAVATIONS, showing on the left the remains of the well-built Tudor wall, facing the River Thames. It is situated 50 ft. in front of the first embankment

A TUDOR DOORWAY at the entrance to the King's wine-cellar. The cellar was one of the few parts of the Palace that were not destroyed in the great fire of 1698. The Banqueting Hall also survives

HALLUCINATIONS BEYOND THE GRAVE: *Left*—The examiners (Laurence Baskcomb and George Hayes) ply with cruel questions the wretched Robert Johnson (Ralph Richardson) who has just died and finds himself in a world of dreams in which he dwells until such time as he has shed his earthly passions. During this voyage through time and space he rescues from the Incinerator Man (Richard Ainley; right) bank notes which he later spends in a nightmare night club.

THE NIGHT CLUB SCENE in Mr. Priestley's play has its climax when Johnson (Ralph Richardson) attempts in a drunken fit to stab his own son (Christopher Quest), while masked figures look on. It is then that Johnson's hour of realisation comes

AT "THE INN AT THE END OF THE WORLD": Johnson for a brief space re-lives his youth and, with the barriers of time and space broken down, is able to meet and toast his wife (Edna Best), while Albert Goop (R. Meadows White) waits on them

A LONELY FIGURE IN THE VOID: With a last backward glance Robert Johnson (Ralph Richardson) sets out for the unknown. "What have I done," he says, "that I should have a better world?"

## PRIESTLEY'S MORALITY PLAY

*Scenes from "Johnson Over Jordan"*

*On Stage and Screen*

# BENN LEVY FALTERS in His New Play "THE JEALOUS GOD"

A WOMAN runs upstairs, in the gayest of spirits, to fetch a letter she has just received from her adored husband, who is fighting in the front-line trenches (from which it may be gathered that there is a war on). This she proposes to read to a group of friends and relations. While she is absent a telegram arrives to say that he has been killed. Now what would those friends do? They might do several things, the most probable being that the closest and dearest of them would at once go upstairs to her and break the terrible news as gently and as kindly as possible. What they most decidedly would not do is sit around until her return and even then not tell her, but let her read that letter aloud, her face wreathed in happy smiles. And no ordinary letter either. There were pages and pages of it—I did not time the reading, but it seemed to last not much less than ten minutes.

Yet this is what Mr. Benn Levy has contrived in his play, *The Jealous God*, at the Lyric Theatre, and it is not by a long chalk the most unlikely episode in it. What is more, it comes right at the end of the last act, which is not the place for a prolonged recitation in any circumstances. Here it was particularly "bad theatre," since, knowing the truth, we did not want to hear even the shortest note read, and that huge screed was not only a bore but an exasperation.

"I am more than surprised, I'm amazed" (as Mr. George Robey sings) that such a master of theatrical craftsmanship as Mr. Levy, who has written several excellent plays, should have lapsed into such an error. And this play is full of errors, the chief of which is that most of it is incredible. I did not believe in that war at all; there was no hint (it seemed to break out just before Act III) that it was going to occur or why or with whom. I did not believe that a young woman after three years of tolerably happy married life and admitting that she still loved her husband would leave him to live with another man, who was obviously going to give her a poor deal, simply because she sympathised with that man's Left Wing sympathies. She was such a thorough-paced Socialist, by the way, that when her husband turns up in the khaki of a private soldier she asks him indignantly why he has not got a commission.

I did not believe in that absent-minded old ornithologist who checkmated a wily Big Business man, though Mr. C. V. France's playing of the part was a sheer joy and the scene between them the best of the whole evening. I did not believe in Mr. Patrick Barr's vivid picture of the hell endured by imprisoned conscientious objectors in war time, not because Mr. Barr, who is a brilliant young actor, did not give as convincing a performance as is humanly possible, but because I do not believe that such folk *are* tortured. They may not have a particularly comfortable time of it, but at least they are safe; the fighting man has a much more uncomfortable time and is *not* safe. "And all I wanted to do was to go on painting pictures!" wailed this specimen. Yes—while other men groan and sweat and bleed and die to keep him safe.

In short, I did not believe in one word of this play. Indeed, at times I thought a trick or two had been borrowed from Mr. Priestley and that all the people in it were dead or passing over or sailing down the River Jordan or, for aught I knew or cared, at the bottom of it. Mr. Levy is, as I have said, too old and too good a hand not to give us chunks here and there which show a real quality. I do not think he could write a bad play if he tried, but in this case he has written a profoundly unsatisfactory one.

Miss Constance Cummings is one of our finest emotional actresses and made the woman almost credible at times. Miss Irene Vanbrugh looked about thirty and has probably not had such a thin part for forty years. Reference books declare that she made her stage debut in 1888, which is the most incredible thing of all.

**The Comédie Française Visit.**—It is to be hoped that another sixty years will not be allowed to elapse before the Comédie Française company pays London another visit. In that happy band of 1879 was a sinuous pilgrim named Sarah Bernhardt. If I could not spot another Sarah at the Savoy last week there were some actresses of brilliance and charm (notably Madame Lise Delamare and Madame Madeleine Renaud), and the company generally was of a very high standard.

FRANCES DAY TOPS THE BILL in George Black's intimate revue *Black and Blue*, which had trial runs both at Brighton and Portsmouth before coming to the London Hippodrome

TULIP-TIME: One of the spectacular settings in *Sweethearts*, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, which was presented last week at the Empire, Leicester Square, and by all accounts is a notable success, marking the return to favour of the big-scale musicals. It is a story of back-stage life, but it is less conventional than most pictures of this sort, and—remarkable to relate—the theme actually survives the magnificence of its trappings

indeed. In case it be thought that this remark smacks of patronage, I can only say that it is not intended to be patronising. If it is regarded merely as a statement of a self-evident truth, let it be added that the Comédie Française have not always been above criticism, and that a few years ago—until, that is to say, M. Bourdet took over the directorship—the general standard was anything but high.

The visit, apart altogether from its diplomatic importance, has had a very distinct theatrical value, not only as an artistic treat and as a fine entertainment to boot, but from the educational point of view. I am not going to put forward any sort of argument that our own actors and actresses cannot hold a candle to our French guests, that compared with them they do not know their job at all. As a compliment, that would be both foolish and fulsome and as a statement ridiculously untrue. None the less, it is a fact that there is much that our own folk could learn from the visitors (as well as a few things, perhaps, that they could learn from us).

In the matter of audibility, for instance. Every word spoken by every member of the company was audible. Yet I rarely sit through an English performance without missing a few sentences (sometimes a great many sentences) through their being mumbled or whispered; I am not in the least deaf and usually have a stall in the first half-dozen rows. Women are by far the worst offenders in this respect, and the younger they are the more they offend. In Molière's farcical comedy, *L'Ecole des Maris*, there was a tendency to shout, due in part to the fact that the Savoy Theatre is only a fraction of the size of the company's own home and also because it is the French tradition to play very noisily in farce. I happen to prefer the quieter English method (provided, of course, there is perfect audibility), but the French naturally prefer their own way, so all is as right as right could be. But not everyone in *L'Ecole des Maris* shouted. Madame Delamare, for instance, did not. This was an exquisitely restrained performance; never once did she raise her voice beyond normally conversational tones, and yet every word could be heard. I would like to be in a position to order about half a dozen quite well-known young English actresses—I could give the names—to go to see Madame Delamare half a dozen or a dozen times and learn, if they can, what immaculate diction really means.

HOT NUMBER: Comedian Vic Oliver and musical comedy star Frances Day in *Black and Blue*, the Hippodrome's new show which has been well received during its provincial try-out

By PHILIP PAGE

Molière may not be irresistibly funny to a twentieth-century English audience, but in this case it was extremely well done, and those at the Savoy who understood French laughed loud and long. Those who didn't understand French laughed louder and longer and, of course, a fraction of a second later.

Alfred de Musset's *Le Chandelier* also showed exquisite diction, notably from M. Julien Berthau as a love-sick clerk and M. Maurice Escande as a very gallant and handsome soldier; not since the old days of Daly's and Mr. Bertram Wallis have I seen an actor cut so fine a figure in a uniform as M. Escande. The play, of the distant and languorously-sweet Romantic period, was charming for about half an hour and then, delightfully though it was acted, became, at any rate to me, tedious in the extreme. The clerk poured out his passion with such verbosity that one's brain reeled and one's hand instinctively went to the watch pocket. Much of it looked like a scene from *La Bohème*, without Puccini's music.

There was, by the way, some interesting incidental music in *Le Chandelier*, played very well by an English orchestra conducted by M. Raymond Charpentier, musical director of the Comédie Française. The Charpentiers have been a prominent musical family in France since the days of Le Roi Soleil.

**"The Mother" (Garrick).** — If Karel Capek's last play, *The Mother*, is not his best, it is very nearly his best, and beyond question it is his most human story. There are no nasty, if interesting, robots and insects and such like things in it. It is all quite simple and direct and appealing. Politics "rear their ugly head" it is true; but they are there not as major factors, and such political discussions as arise are purely incidental. The author does not show us whether he is pro- or anti-Fascist. He is only concerned with the poor silly victims of sundry hates and, above all, with the tragic mother of those victims. He loathes war, and makes his listeners loathe war, simply by showing that war deprived a woman of her husband; he was supposed by the public, for he was a bit of a hero in his way, to have died romantically on the field of battle, sword in hand, and urging his men on to victory, like some picture by Delacroix. In point of fact, he had been wounded, found by the enemy, crude savages, and slowly tortured to death by them in complicated and sophisticated fashion; for in matters of torture natives are far from crude.

It was an exceptionally unlucky family. The father was killed and the eldest son, a doctor, bitten to death by a plague-bearing mosquito before the curtain rose. But there were compensations, since these two seemed to be able to appear in corporeal form and to talk whenever they felt so disposed. This was nice for the mother but a bit puzzling for me. Here was another touch of Priestleyism—that is to say it was rather difficult to know which of these folk talking and moving about the stage were alive and which were dead, though to differentiate would have baffled the most brilliant producer (and, by the way, Mr. Miles Malleson has produced the play remarkably well).

Woe is piled on woe's head for the wretched mother. Another son is killed in an air crash. Another, whom we had seen gambolling about in puppy fashion in Act I with his brother, is shot by a firing squad of political opponents. A dreadful business indeed. The exaggeration is, of course, intentional (for few mothers in real life can have been bereft in quite such wholesale fashion) but it adds weight to the drama and helps to point the lesson—that men for the most part do not regard death as such a very serious thing and second in importance to the causes in life for which death is risked, whereas for a woman and a mother life is all-important, for she is the giver of life.

A fine, serious, moving play. Louise Hampton's performance as the mother is, I think, the best thing this brilliant actress has ever done. Mr. Raymond Lovell—the ghostly father—was an impressive and very material spook, speaking his common-sense lines with a good deal of shrewd humour. The flock of sons were nice lads, all, and good actors, too.

# ROUND THE ART GALLERIES:

**IN ALL THE BRAVERY OF SCARLET:** One of Ingegerd Ahlefeldt's series of paintings of Chelsea Pensioners now being exhibited at Walker's Galleries, 118, New Bond Street. The artist has spent the last two years on these character studies

AN imposing array of scarlet and blue-coated veterans immediately strikes the eye on entering the Walker Galleries, 118, New Bond Street.

Miss Ingegerd Ahlefeldt, who previously has chosen still-life groups as her subjects, is now exhibiting a collection of portraits of Chelsea Pensioners, which she has been painting during the last two years. The exhibition is entitled "Keepers of the Commonwealth."

Some of the quick, freely-painted portraits are strikingly life-like and are free from the atmosphere of tension which is apparent in the case of some of the more highly-finished works. The collection is enhanced by the addition of one or two flower paintings of charming colour and detail.

Economy of effort in producing a desired effect is a virtue always to be welcomed. It is brilliantly evident in the paintings of both landscape and flower subjects by Hervey Adams now on exhibition at the Brook Street Galleries. Mr. Adams has discovered a very effective manner of handling snow scenes, and his barren trees and thorny tangles are cleverly interpreted with a few deft strokes of the brush against a gleaming white snow background. Nothing could be more simply impressive.

**ECONOMY OF EFFORT IN PRODUCING A DESIRED EFFECT** is a dominant feature of the work of Hervey Adams and is typified by this snow scene which he is exhibiting together with a number of other works at the Brook Street Galleries

Some of his earlier works in pen and water-colours are, however, equally effective—he has undoubtedly a quick eye for seeing the beauties of the countryside in autumn and winter—missing nothing of the quiet and subdued tints which render the colour harmonies so particularly attractive.

At the Rosenberg and Helft Galleries, 31, Bruton Street, an exhibition of the much-discussed artist, Picasso, is being shown.

Picasso's colour harmonies are without a doubt a striking lesson in themselves, and although the same subject appears with monotonous regularity, there is nothing monotonous in the bewildering variety of colour contrasts which the artist has succeeding in composing.

Paris has apparently been hypnotised by Picasso's beautiful colour combinations; not only are the boulevards crowded with his colourings, but all the leading dressmakers are working overtime in an effort to produce yet another "creation" inspired by the brilliant canvases of the artist.

**"LE MAGICIEN":** A curious picture by the self-taught artist, Mariette Lydis, twenty of whose oil paintings are on view at the Leicester Galleries. Miss Lydis has lived in Paris for the past twelve years and has achieved wide recognition as a book illustrator

Amongst a number of exhibits now on view at the Leicester Galleries the pictures of Mariette Lydis comprise a group of outstanding charm.

The artist has endowed all her subjects with an ethereal quality—an elfin evasiveness which is immediately appealing. The pencil and water-colour drawings are, if possible, even more attractive in their delicacy of treatment than the sparkling, clear paintings that somehow express all the mystery of a fairy tale.

"Le Magicièn," No. 16, is full of excitement which vibrates in the clever use of light and shadow, while No. 34, "Tête Fleurie," shows a piquant little head with the intangible fragility of a woodland dryad.

I. B.

# EUGENIE: THE EMPRESS WHO WAS NEARLY GREAT

## Octave Aubry's Fine Biography of the Courageous Consort of Napoleon III: A Woman of Heart and Intellect

A WISE cynic once said, "None think the great unhappy, but the great." It is fairly natural that, observing beings who have all the advantages of birth, riches, beauty, brilliance, and a position of power, one should be less inclined to dwell on their secret sorrows than on their more evident good fortune. Could one be genuinely unhappy with such compensations? The instinct is to discount the griefs of the famous, or even to deny them.

Nevertheless, biographers persist with increasing frankness to bare the hearts of the mighty and to persuade us, with different degrees of success, that they need our pity as well as our homage. Sometimes all that biographers ask for their subjects is that they should be seen in the clear light of common sense. This attitude results in some exceptionally commonplace biographies, but also in some of remarkable perception. It is for these few that one should be grateful.

M. Octave Aubry, in writing of **EUGENIE: EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH** (Cobden-Sanderson. 16s.), has concentrated in one work all the best qualities of a biographer, and with that I include that slight bias of affection or admiration which, if it is used with restraint, can give the colours of life to any portrait.

Writing of that dark summer of 1870 when Napoleon III was on his way to the debacle of Sedan, and Eugenie's unpopularity had grown to such an extent that her life was in danger, M. Aubry has nothing but praise for her, and for her courage.

"To those who . . . came to offer their services, to the seekers for news, still more numerous these, who flocked to the Tuileries without ceremony, she repeated: 'Everything can be saved yet if Frenchmen all join hands.'

"And she added, when they spoke of her own safety: 'I do not need troops to defend me. Let us send our last battalions to the war.'

"'She is as firm as a rock,' wrote Merimée . . .

"And Trochu said: 'The woman is an ancient Roman.'

"By her pride, her bravery, her ambition to serve, but in the foremost place, she had climbed from her decorative position to the effective power that orders and controls; she had become the pivot and the soul of the Government."

Eugenie though, and her biographer makes no attempt to minimise it, had a less noble side. She was immensely ambitious; at first for herself, later for her husband and son, and still later for her country. She had angled adroitly for the Emperor's proposal of marriage, a more hazardous affair than the preliminary courtship to which Napoleon III was no stranger. She had achieved jewels of fantastic magnificence, a very real voice in the country's government, and the reputation of the best-dressed woman in Europe. While she was still young it is difficult to know in what order of importance she placed these distinctions.

Later, however, after the terrible reverses which the Third Empire suffered, and after the tragic mistake of the Mexican expedition, a fiasco for which even her husband blamed her, Eugenie's character altered. She grew finer, stronger and lost the last trace of that frivolity which had sometimes displeased her husband. M. Aubry shows her as a woman of power, respected by the men of state even while she exasperated them, and with a strange, harsh virility that was, for most of the hundred years of her life, wasted in domesticity.

M. Aubry's biography is difficult to recommend too highly; not for one page does he allow it to flag, not in one incident does he lose sight of his subject's essential character. He dissects her motives, her impulses and her faults; he sees her through her moments of near-greatness and of worldliness; and when his picture is completed it is a woman of heart and intellect that he has shown you and, whether you like her or not, she is unforgettable.

Miss Odette Keun is a lady who is seriously annoyed with Europe and with this country in particular. She found herself choking in a sewer: "the sewer was Europe, and I was stifling in its mephitic emanations." Moreover, "I have come to realise that British governments, administrators, high commissioners, military police, intelligence agents, lawyers, juries, publishers (not my present ones), and lovers are capable of a perfidy and a callousness compared with which our Latin lies are straight and harmless."

Miss Keun is not the sort lightly to be stifled. Having Discovered the English and Explained the French without, apparently, any effect upon the mephitic emanations, she books a passage to America, but not without being "bamboozled by English shipping clerks." Arriving at that Utopia she swung an eighteen months permit out of the Immigration Officer ("that true and handsome gendarme"), found the customs examination perfunctory, and the customs officers "adorable."

As nobody seems to have told her that New York is not America she is able to tell us that "If New York were cut from its moorings to-morrow and drifted off into the Atlantic, the growth and significance of America would remain entirely unaffected." The skyline took her breath away ("It is impossible to do anything but gape") but the city, once in it, was "the most ugly, violent, and meaningless capital city, *per se*, that I had ever struck."

## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

*Reviewed by*

VERNON FANE

**I THINK ALOUD IN AMERICA** (Longmans. 12s. 6d.) is full of good entertainment. Miss Keun chooses to be unaware that a very large library could be made of the books written by visiting Europeans and that a huge output of books, plays, and, above all, films, has already familiarised this half of the English-speaking world with life as it is led in the United States. Moreover, she challenges the reader by choosing all the obvious things to see; the familiar to think aloud about.

Carlyle once accused Wordsworth of treating nature as a vegetable, "fit only to be shredded into the pot of his own ego." Miss Keun attempts to swallow the United States whole and to regurgitate it in violent and vituperative chunks. New York and Washington she masticates thoroughly, but the rest of the country goes undigested in about 100 pages of generalisations. The entertainment (there is not a dull page in the book) comes from Miss Keun herself rather than from that which she describes. New York skyscrapers she found "implausible" and "ultimately stupid beyond expression." The women, "when they were young, they had round, very pretty baby faces, with rather peevish mouths, rectangular bodies with architectural lines, thin square shoulders, a long fall from neck to ankle, no breasts, no hips, no belly, no buttocks"; (what shall we do for our little American sister?) "they resembled their own skyscrapers. When they were old, they were either a more time-worn edition of the young, or had deep curving, sliding bosoms that made up in authority for what they had lost in slimness."

Miss Keun, you see, not only thinks aloud but writes out loud and mostly at the top of her very considerable voice. She tackles everything from Roosevelt to railroad porters, from reporters to rattlesnakes. She was determined to find some good over there, and when she finds it her praise is as extravagant and unbalanced as her condemnation of the many, many things she disliked.

Mr. Louis Adamic, on the other hand, tackles the large and comprehensive subject of **MY AMERICA 1928-1938** (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.) as a serious student with deep philosophical convictions.

A post-war immigrant from what is now Yugoslavia (that story is unforgettably told in his moving book *Native's Return*), America, for him, is just simply "the best country under the sun." That he was born in another culture enables him to see and to appraise more carefully that which might be out of focus for the native American. To that he is sensitive, confessing himself to be perhaps more of an American than a native born.

For anyone seriously interested, this book is worth a thousand traveller's tales or "impressions" written by even the most distinguished itinerants. In its sure and un-selfconscious approach it has more value than most American-born attempts at the same subject.

*(Continued on page 374)*

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THE MAN'S SHOP

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SIGNS OF THE COMING SPRING: A.A. road patrols, in preparation for Easter and the coming touring season, have been equipped with new motor-cycle service outfits and are bound for various destinations in the Home Counties

# THE PASSING OF THE AUSTIN SEVEN

## Details of the New 8 h.p. Austin Which Supersedes the Famous Seven

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk o the Course, Brooklands)

THE arrival of a new Austin is an event of some importance. Recently a new 8 h.p. model has been introduced and its specification and appearance lead me to predict that before long we shall see thousands of these cars on the road. As I understand it, the new model supersedes the well-beloved Austin Seven, and whilst we welcome the newcomer, its arrival must be surrounded with a little sadness at the thought that its famous predecessor is to be discontinued. This new Eight is not an adaptation of any previous model but has a completely new design of chassis and body.

To commence with, the engine boasts of four cylinders and a cubic capacity of 900 cc. The crankshaft is supported in three bearings of generous dimensions, and the gearbox is attached to the engine, making a very compact unit. Side-valves are employed, these being slightly inclined and situated on the near side. The chassis and floor is a complete welded unit giving diagonal stiffness, whilst the body sill is bolted to the frame at numerous points, forming a box section. The whole design of the frame gives it unusual strength and rigidity, features which contribute in no small measure to the good road-holding qualities which the car enjoys. The fuel is carried in a tank at the back of the car and its capacity is 6 gallons. The fuel is fed to the down-draught carburettor by a mechanical pump. The gear-box provides four forward speeds and a reverse, synchromesh changes being provided for second, third, and top gears.

Much attention has been paid to the steering, which is of the hour-glass worm and sector type, and on the saloon models a flexible-spoke steering-wheel is fitted. The suspension is of orthodox design, having long semi-elliptic springs, front and back. Each spring is assisted in its work by piston-type hydraulic shock absorbers, and it is interesting to note that in front these are set transversely so as to act in some measure as anti-roll devices. So far as the brakes are concerned these are of Girling design and the brake drums are 8 ins. in diameter.

I have been fortunate enough to drive one of these new cars for a short while and I must say I was very impressed with the job. First of all, the car looks and really is big and at the same time it possesses a pleasing appearance. The treatment of the front is bold and imposing. To gain access to the engine the top of the bonnet is lifted up and to prevent this portion of the bonnet coming open at inopportune moments a safety catch is provided. The driver's position behind the wheel is well thought out and all the controls are placed in convenient positions. From the moment the car begins to move, right through to the time when the speedometer indicates 60 m.p.h., the driver receives the impression that he is in control of a much larger vehicle than an 8 h.p. model.

Actually, there is a tremendous amount of room inside the car, and there is ample space in the luggage boot. The engine I found outstandingly smooth and the clutch and gears were pleasant in operation. Flexibility is certainly one of the outstanding qualities of this new engine and, although quiet at all speeds, it enables the driver to get a move on in quite a surprising way. The steering was easy and light and the brakes definitely good. I found the car to be steady on corners and yet the suspension was definitely supple. At the price which is being asked for the car it is undoubtedly excellent value for money and will, no doubt, sell like the proverbial hot cakes.

IN A WORCESTERSHIRE SETTING: An Austin Eight two-door saloon seen just outside Alcester. Well-balanced lines and unusual roominess are among the many features of this attractive newcomer

FOR THE LARNE-STRANRAER ROUTE: The *Princess Victoria*, a new twin-screw motor vessel for the conveyance of passengers and motor vehicles between Stranraer and Larne, which is being built by Messrs. Wm. Denny and Bros., Ltd., at Dumbarton. The vessel will be capable of carrying from seventy to eighty vehicles on one deck and arrangements are being made to permit of motor vehicles running on and off the ship under their own power both at Stranraer and Larne. *Below*—A view of the remarkably spacious deck for motor vehicles

In introducing the new car Lord Austin said "I want it to be realised that this new Austin, while not the last word—for that is never uttered—is the best word yet in motoring. This Eight comes as a logical development from a small car that has enjoyed unexampled success. I refer to the Austin Seven, of which some 400,000 have been built in the course of seventeen years, during which it has maintained its universal leadership." There is no doubt that no manufacturer in this country has had more experience in producing small cars than the Austin Motor Company and so it is fairly certain that this new Austin Eight is absolutely the last word in its class.

Seventeen years ago, as Lord Austin says, the famous Seven was produced and although I welcome in no uncertain way the new Eight I still hope that before long I shall see an Austin Five, for I am quite convinced that if a 7-h.p. engine was sufficiently powerful seventeen years ago, a 5-h.p. unit built to-day by an experienced firm such as the Austin Motor Company would develop more than sufficient power to give us as good or even better performance as did the original Seven. Why should we leave it to foreign manufacturers to have this 5-h.p. market all to themselves when the British motor manufacturer was the pioneer in this class of ultra-small cars? People may say that cars will not sell to-day unless there is generous room for four adults in the body. Personally, I do not believe it, for if the price is right and the running expenses correspondingly small, thousands of people, in my opinion, will buy a 5-h.p. vehicle that takes two people in comfort with accommodation for an occasional third passenger.

I have seen it mentioned that the road authorities are going to conduct a traffic census on the roads of the country every three months. No sooner had I read the information than I noticed that on the particular road that I frequent the familiar sentry boxes were being placed in position, and so it looks as if the news was correct. I am sure we motorists would not object to the Ministry, the County Council, or anyone else organising a census every week if some valuable road improvement were undertaken as a result of the enumerator's efforts.

If this craze for census taking is continued I feel certain that we shall see permanent shelters built on the sides of our roads to house the officials. I have puzzled my brain to see if I could imagine what could possibly be the object of counting the vehicles on the road so frequently. I have to confess myself as being completely baffled and so I wonder if any reader can send me an intelligent guess?

Frequently I come across friends who boast quite sincerely that in their new car no one driving a similar car ever passes them and as a result they consider they must have an extremely fast specimen. Unfortunately, these good people never seem to stop to work out why this is the case. It may be a shock to their pride but, of course, the truth is that if all cars went at the same speed no one would overtake anybody else and that, of course, is the explanation as to why their new mount appears to be the cat's whiskers.

If a car is capable of travelling at 80 m.p.h. and the driver uses his speed on a fairly open road it is most unlikely that another car with the maximum speed of, say, 90 m.p.h. will be able to overtake, unless, of course, the driver happens to have started almost on the tail of his less speedy rival. Whilst on this subject of overtaking I would like to voice a very serious protest against the type of driver whom one suddenly finds in front meandering along at a slow speed and then when the car behind is noticed in the driving mirror promptly presses down the accelerator pedal and rushes forward. Nine times out of ten this type of driver frightens himself or herself stiff for the simple reason that the increased speed which has been attained in order to keep the car behind in that position is not that at which the driver usually travels, with the result that all sorts of difficult positions suddenly occur. In the end this type of driver waves the following car on and once more resumes the original speed.

Here again a little thinking will save many anxious moments. When I am driving along and I suddenly notice a car arrive on my tail, I realise that its driver must be travelling at a much faster speed than I wish to indulge in and that even if I accelerate I am only putting off the particular moment when the car behind will pass, unless, of course, I am prepared to continue travelling at the higher speed. My advice, therefore, is that once a car is noticed behind, wave it on and let the overtaking driver have the road. Such a course is far more dignified and more courteous than stamping on the accelerator pedal.

Last week I wrote in these notes about the present 4½-litre Bentley. The speed capabilities of this car greatly impressed me but I now hear that one of these of ordinary standard type but with slightly raised compression ratio and a streamlined French-built body recently achieved astonishing speeds on French and German roads. Metz, a distance of approximately 180 miles from Paris, was reached in three hours, giving an average of 60 m.p.h. and that during this run a top speed of 115 m.p.h. was reached. On the new autobahnen in Germany the car at one stage was travelling at more than 120 m.p.h.

Such speeds are certainly amazing but what makes them even more extraordinary is that it is claimed that the car covered 21 miles to the gallon of petrol whilst averaging 80 m.p.h. At 60 m.p.h. the consumption was 26 m.p.g.

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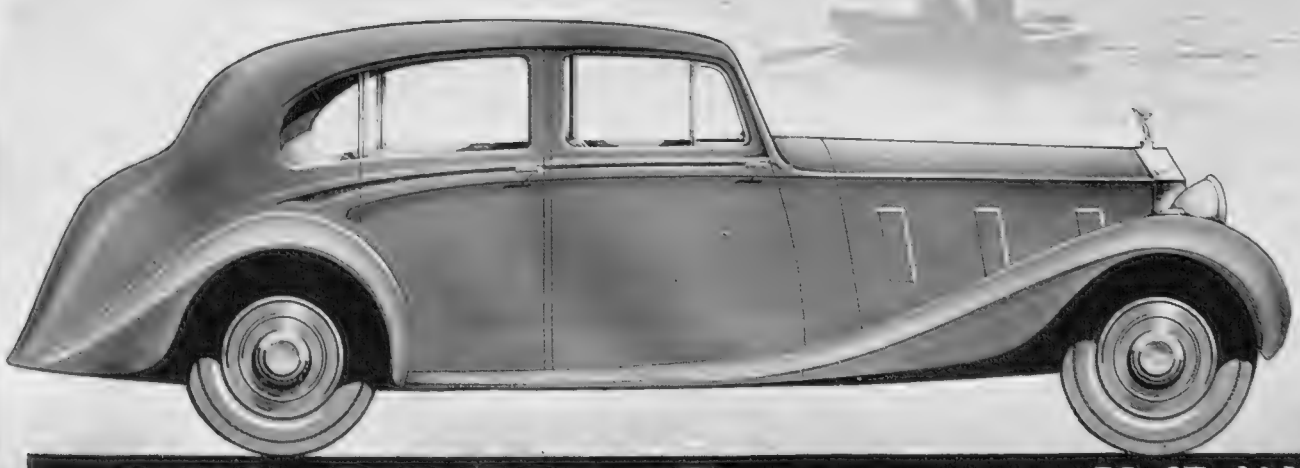

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## THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

# FRANCE AT EASTERTIDE:

## *An Ideal Time to Cross the Channel*

WITH Easter only four weeks away the time is opportune for looking into the prospects of holiday travel, and many will naturally turn their attention to France where the exchange still offers useful advantages to visitors from this country. It is also a good time of the year to be on the move, for the weather is often very good about the middle of April, the chances of a cold snap are remote, especially in the south, and spring is capable of producing some of the most beautiful days of the whole year.

Paris comes to mind at once, but let us not be in a hurry to leave the Channel coast, and if you do not find the resorts at the peak of their activity there is the compensation of being able to "get round" without the feeling of being crowded. Le Touquet you will find in the Easter programmes, with the promise of a considerable measure of its summer gaiety and the certainty of its glorious background of pine and fir forest. There is time for wanderings in Picardy, Normandy and Brittany,

**SO THIS IS PARIS!**
Tourists at the bus halt in the Place de l'Opéra

and if the sea is not essential one of the best centres is Rouen, though I must confess I have not found Le Havre so unattractive as some.

Between the two, on or near the Seine, are some delightful places, among them Caudebeç, the old capital of the Pays de Caux, a resort of artists. It produces scenes of activity and colour on market days, otherwise life is very placid while the busy traffic of the Seine passes on its way. A very charming approach I once made to the Seine was through the Forest of La Londe down the face of the cliff to the village of La Bouille, one of the prettiest in the valley of the river. It is about ten miles from Rouen.

Going back to the mouth of the river for a moment, you might make a note of the fact that the little steamer from Le Havre to Trouville will be running for a few days at Easter. The journey occupies about three quarters of an hour, and the route gives easy access to the Norman coast resorts.

With a history so closely interwoven with our own, Rouen is a city all who claim one drop of Norman blood should know. The last charge that can be made against it is that it is a sleepy place living on its past. You may take your place at the café table on the riverside boulevard and survey a scene of mercantile activity which seems incredible at a port as far from the sea as London Bridge is from the Nore. A few yards behind you is the spot where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake, and the old streets she knew; where later Molière, Pascal and Madame de Sévigné joined the literary pilgrimage inspired by one of Rouen's own sons, Pierre Corneille.

The cathedral of Notre Dame, which has one of the most beautiful towers in the world, stands on the site of an older church dedicated in the presence of William of Normandy three years before the Conquest. The earlier church was destroyed by fire.

For those who can spare only a few days for travel at Easter the no-passport week-ends are useful, and I have seen a six days Paris holiday quoted as low as 86s. 6d. Nevertheless, I would advise any traveller to pay the extras which ensure greater comfort on the journey and in the quarters. Then something is necessary for sightseeing, even on a short visit. Versailles should be included, with possibly a call at St. Cloud. Fontainebleau and the forest demands a day, and it is usual, I believe, to break that journey at Barbizon, where Millet painted. It is a very pleasing village. I have an old memory of a cobbled forecourt, gay-coloured umbrellas over tables, wistaria and iced canteloupe. The luncheon ensured Barbizon a happy place in my thoughts for all time.

From Paris, which *côte* will you wear, *azure* or *argent*? Each has its champions. There are plenty of facilities for both parts at Easter, and in the case of the Riviera a special train for people from this country will be run from Boulogne. The great inducement of the Riviera at this time of the year is undoubtedly the prospect of some really good sunshine, and having found the right spot the traveller is prepared to remain there until the time comes to make for home. There are plenty of opportunities for the necessary exercise, but I feel the chance should not be missed of seeing some of the places and scenery which lie not very far back from the coastline. Grasse, the town of perfumery, is a favourite of mine, and it draws quite a number of people from this country, apart from all those who make half-day excursions from one of the seaside resorts.

About 14 miles away is ancient Vintium, now known as Vence, which has interesting relics of Roman times and a cathedral of various periods beginning with the tenth century. Midway between Vence and Grasse is the famous Gorges du Loup, and within easy distance is the village of Gourdon on a rocky eminence where the panorama from a well preserved castle abundantly justifies the break in the journey. Of course, if you want to go right up into the mountains there are plenty of facilities and perhaps you will not be too late for the snow.

There will be plenty to do in the coast towns. The Ballets de Monte Carlo run from the beginning of April until about the middle of May; there is an Easter tournament at the Country Club and on the lovely Mont-Agel course of the golf club the competition for the Stanley Cup will be held on Easter Monday. At Nice on the same day the Battle of Flowers will be a great attraction. This is a great institution on the Riviera and should not be missed.

If, while you are at Nice, you are tempted to board the smart yacht-like craft on the Corsican service I hope you will fall. The next morning you will be in the beautiful bay of Ajaccio, and if you have not been to the island before, the mountain and coastal scenery will come as a great surprise. In the air you may sense the perfume of the *maquis*, the low-growing vegetation which covers large areas of the island. In this thicket are juniper, myrtle, lavender, honeysuckle, and, it seems, innumerable varieties of rock-rose and aromatic shrubs. Their combined efforts produce a strong spicy perfume emphasised in the sunshine following a rainfall, and it is detectable far out at sea.

However, this must not develop into an article on the flora of Corsica, but that is such a strong line in its many-sided interests that special parties for flower lovers are organised every year. Next month Mrs. Robert Lukin, a member of the Alpine Garden Society, will lead one. The party will leave London on April 12, and will be in Corsica from the 15th to 28th. They could not be there at a better time.

Ajaccio is a very good centre for excursions, and it is not difficult to get round to the various beauty spots on the coast and in the mountains. Motor services are good, and there are railways, one line going up through wild and majestic scenery to Corte on its perch among the mountains. I hope you get there at Easter when it is the scene of impressive religious processions.

There is certainly a great fascination in Corsica, and you will not find it easy to tear yourself away, but go if you can.

Beverley Brooke

**A CORNER OF OLD ROUEN:** *Drawn by Percy Horne*
Where the visitor may steep himself in medieval atmosphere

**A VILLAGE OF THE GRANDE CORNICHE:**
The villagers gather round the ancient fountain at La Turbie, the picturesque little village that lies tucked away in the hills above Monte Carlo. The history of the place goes back to Roman times

### AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

**"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information**

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

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# The World of Books

(*Continued from page 368*)

Since our reading, this week, seems inescapably American we may as well turn our attention to America's one inescapable genius, Mr. John Steinbeck. THE LONG VALLEY (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is a collection of his short stories. They are as diverse as any such collection must be, but each has the polish of authentic craftsmanship, and one, at least, concerning a small boy's love for his pony, is a real masterpiece.

The public is notoriously shy of volumes of short stories, and rightly so, since so many are merely collections gathered by novelists from their excursions into the pages of the popular magazines. That Mr. Steinbeck is primarily a novelist there can be no doubt. Of his virtuosity there is proof in those widely-dissimilar stories *Of Dubious Battle* and *Tortilla Flat*. What he can do with the restricted form of the short story is demonstrated in that magnificent and moving *Of Mice and Men*.

I can only implore everyone who cares for the best in literature to get *The Long Valley*, and be assured they will have acquired something of lasting value and something to go among the collection of treasured books.

Here is another American book, this time of the truth-is-stranger-than-fiction school. The author of THE NAZI SPY CONSPIRACY IN AMERICA (Harrap. 8s. 6d.), Mr. Leon Torrou, is described as "America's leading G-Man" and "the man who discovered Hauptmann's guilt in the Lindbergh case." His story is told to Mr. David Wittels, who sets it down with all the punch and picturesque vocabulary of a practised American "feature" writer. It is just the sort of story for such interpretation.

No fictional spy yarn could beat it. Who, for instance, would dare to *invent* the impudent counterfeiting of White House notepaper and the forging of President Roosevelt's signature? It is thrilling, sensational and altogether incredible in the heavy-handed stupidity it reveals. Spies, and particularly master-spies, are surely effective in ratio to their wiliness and ingenuity. This gang are remarkable only for their imbecility and ingenuousness.

If every anti-Nazi organisation in the world had got together and pooled their best brains to devise the most effective propaganda possible to swing American public opinion to their side they could not have done better than this. Yet, according to Miss Dorothy Thompson, the Nazis spend millions of dollars per annum on propaganda in America. They might find it cheaper to remove their intelligence service to a more innocuous sphere.

One has been told, and one may even have observed, that the Rothschilds were magnificent. Mr. Cecil Roth's new book, THE MAGNIFICENT ROTHSCHILDS (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.), gives reasons and all but draws a map to prove how and why this splendour was attained, and by what means it was prolonged.

Although the story of this famous Jewish family is traced in detail for the last 100 years or more, it is with one phase of it particularly that the author is concerned, for it was the period during which the name of Rothschild was firmly established in English society.

Three brothers, Nathaniel, who became the first Lord Rothschild, Leopold and Alfred, represented their house at this time and, from the '80's till the war days, when all of them died, were responsible for at least a part of London's brilliance. Many stories are told about these three, and about Disraeli, who was a close friend.

At a dinner-party one night where the company was both distinguished and witty the conversation was, as might have been expected, quite brilliant, "though Disraeli tended to divert it to one invariable channel—the Jews. 'What did you talk about last night?' inquired a friend, meeting Baron Lionel in Piccadilly one Monday morning. 'Oh, the Race, as usual,' replied the Baron, somewhat gloomily."

There is a nice story, too, about Baron Ferdy de Rothschild who gave a ball for the Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria. "A few days previous, the host invited ten or twelve of his lady guests to luncheon, and offered them all new dresses from Doucet for the dance. Needless to say, they all accepted, gladly: but one, at least, was a little mortified when he refused to pay for the petticoat she had ordered to go with the dress, saying that he had not given any authorisation for it."

And finally we come to a book which, owing to limitations on our space, it has not been possible to review until now. It is called, appropriately enough, OUTSIDE BRITAIN, by Kenneth Gandar Dower and James Riddell (Heinemann. 5s.). It is a hilarious compilation by two irreverent young men who declare that they have "no axis to grind." The wrapper is decorated with a drawing of a complacent British lion fast asleep, with a coronet, somewhat awry, underneath a very definite halo; and the whole book is a mixture of funny drawings and text, dedicated, as the authors put it, "in a spirit of Friendship and Sympathy to all misguided Foreigners in the hope that they will STOP IT."

## BOOKS RECEIVED

HEINEMANN.—EDGAR WALLACE. By Margaret Lane. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—THE GOLDEN EARNEST. By Alfred Bright. 7s. 6d. JOHN MURRAY.—SEEN IN THE HADHRAMAUT. By Freya Stark. Illustrated. 21s. PUTNAM.—BALLET TRADITIONAL TO MODERN. By Serge Lifar. Illustrated. 15s. ALONE. By Richard E. Byrd. 7s. 6d. THE DIARY OF A DESERT JOURNEY. By Lord Gerald Wellesley. 5s. ARTHUR BARKER.—LAST PORT OF CALL. By Heinrich Hauser. 8s. 6d. NO STING, NO HONEY. By David Hussey. 8s. 6d. JONATHAN CAPE.—TENDER ONLY TO ONE. Poems and drawings by Stevie Smith. 5s. CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB.—THE FARM BY LOUGH GUR. By Mary Carbery. 2s. 6d. COLLINS.—SAMBO AND SUSAN. Written and Illustrated by Katharine Harrison Wallace, aged 12 years. 5s. PLAIN JANE: The Story of a Shetland Island Pony. Written and Illustrated by Mary Colville, aged 13. MY IRISH SKETCH BOOK. Written and Illustrated by Lionel Edwards, R.I. 21s. LET'S DO IT. Sketches for Children by Marcia, Lane Foster. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. THE SILENT HORN: Summer Sketches of Horse and Hound. Written and Illustrated by Eric Meade-King. 12s. 6d. WINIFRED HOLTBY AS I KNEW HER. By Evelyne White. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. ALL IN A MAZE. An anthology arranged by Daniel George and Rose Macaulay. 6s. CONSTABLE.—RETURN TO THE BALTIC. By Hilaire Belloc. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. COUNTRY LIFE.—THE SILENT TRAVELLER IN LONDON. By Chiang Yee. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. COUNTRY FAIR: The Country Life Annual, 1938. 3s. 6d. LINDSAY DRUMMOND.—BORNEO JUNGLE: An Account of the Oxford Expedition to Sarawak. Edited by Tom Harrisson. Illustrated. 15s. MASSIE.—OLIVER CROMWELL. By Mirko Jelusich. 8s. 6d. SCIENTIFIC BOOK CLUB.—EVERYMAN'S ASTRONOMY. By Mary Proctor. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. THE WORLD'S WORK.—QUICK WAY TO BETTER GOLF. By Sam Snead. Illustrated. 5s. NICHOLSON & WATSON.—MEDITERRANEAN CRISIS. By Harry J. Greenwall. 5s. ROUTLEDGE.—BLACK EARTH. By Joe Corrie. 7s. 6d.

## THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

News has recently been received that another Old Boy, having used the 100 per cent. chance given him while under this Society's care, is rapidly climbing the ladder of success in the tailoring world. He was the winner of the Hare Trophy, as first prize for a Lady's Costume in the *Tailor and Cutter* 45th Annual Competition and Exhibition. This young man, now aged 23, first entered the Society's Country Home at Bisley when a little boy of nine, and in due course was transferred to Fordham House, the London Technical School, where he worked in the tailor's shop, until earning sufficient to be discharged. The fact that he won this first prize competing against Savile Row top tailors, etc., speaks for itself of the training the children receive while under the Society's care. Donations and legacies are most urgently needed to carry on this great work and all donations will be gratefully acknowledged from "100 per cent. Chance," c/o General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

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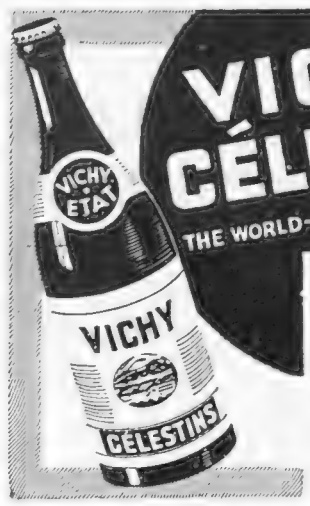


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Vapex, because it is breathed from the handkerchief direct through the nasal and bronchial passages, destroys the germs where they congregate, and natural relief follows.
*From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-*
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WELCOME ALWAYS
KEEP IT HANDY

GRANT'S
Morella
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QUEEN'S-*The Original*
SPORTSMAN'S - *Dry*

*"Just one of the many occasions when it is so welcome."*
Whispers
Little Lady Liqueur

Grand
NEWSAGENTS' BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION
CENTENARY
BALL Dancing to
BILLY COTTON'S BAND
ROYAL ALBERT HALL
Monday, 20th March . . . 8 till 3
CABARET · BUFFET
Tickets: One Guinea
FROM USUAL AGENCIES
or J. A. Hart, 15-16 Farringdon Street E.C.4

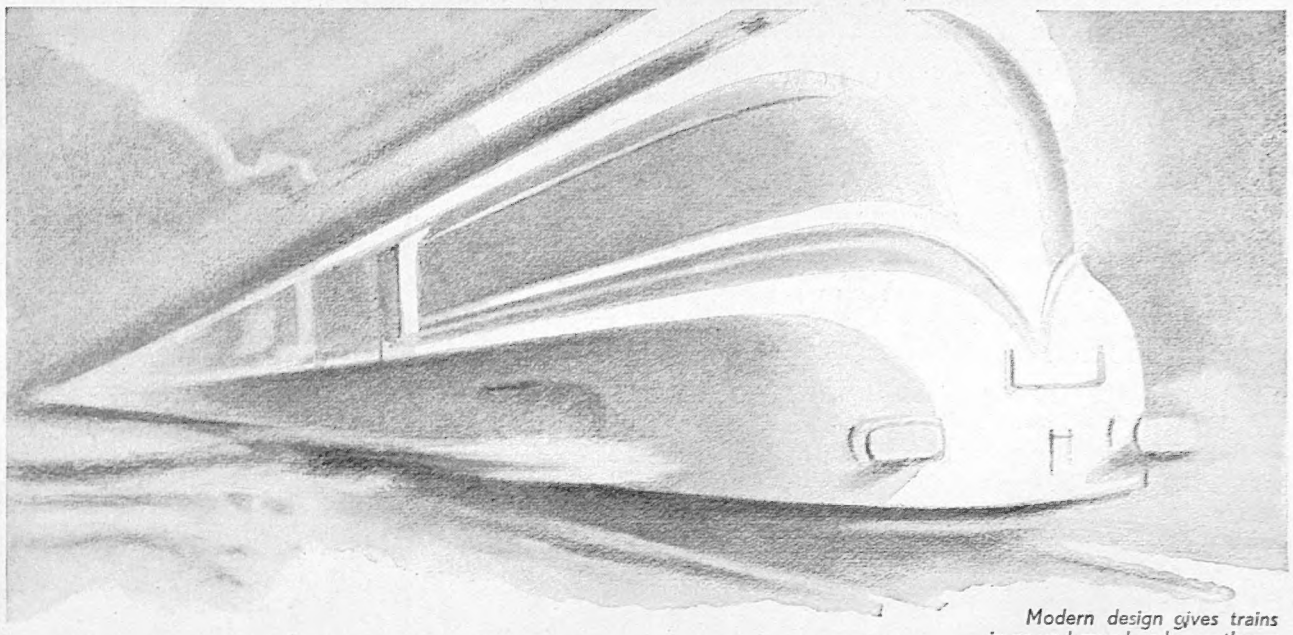
A useful SPORTING
Diary for 1939 . . .

The 1939 edition of "The Sporting and Dramatic" Fixture Pocket Diary contains much information useful to the Sportsman and Motorist. It is bound in leatherette. Copies can be obtained from The Publisher (address below).

6D. post free

The Illustrated
SPORTING
and DRAMATIC News

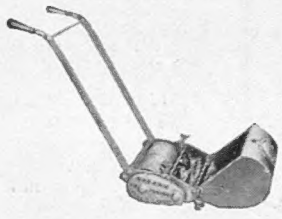
332/34 ST. BRIDE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4



*Modern design gives trains increased speed and smoothness*

*Modern..Light..Speedy*

GREEN'S MOWERS
built to last a lifetime



S.M. JUNIOR. 12 inch only. Complete with grass box, grease gun and spanner. £4.14.6

MOTOR MOWERS from £27.10.0.
Also new Lightweight Motor Mower at £18.10.0.

'SUPREME' LAWN MOWER. A precision-built up-to-date machine, which assures close cutting. Complete with grass box, from £10.0.0.

The modern locomotive is an engineering masterpiece. So is a Green's Mower. Material, workmanship and the experience of a hundred years are all built into these distinguished mowers that are renowned the world over as the "mowers that last a lifetime." Unquestionable efficiency always; easy manœuvreability; and above all, dogged immunity to wear.

You'll be glad you bought a modern Green's; now and in—ten - twenty - thirty years' time!

+ + +

*There is a big range of Green's Mowers at all prices to suit all purposes. Ask to see the latest models at your ironmongers. If any difficulty write to Thomas Green & Son, Ltd., Dept. 140, Leeds.*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

BELGIUM.

**Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.**—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE

**Cannes.—Hotel Regina.**—First-class Family Hotel. Sunny Park. Near Croisette and Tennis. Moderate terms.

**Cap Martin.—Cap Martin** Htl.—Free bus ser with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis. Swim. pl. 15 acres pr. pk. Inc. fr. 120 f. With bath fr. 140 f.

**Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.**—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

**Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera—Navirotel** near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet with terms.

**Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.**—350 Rooms. 280 Bathrooms. Entirely Renovated. Open all the year. Central. Opposite new Sporting Club.

**Monte-Carlo.—Hotel Prince de Galles.**—Strictly first-class. Beautiful garden. Magnificent view. Moderate terms.

**Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.**—First-class. 200 rooms. Close sea & casino. Own gar. Mod. trms. Conv. headquarters for Riviera. Swiss management.

GERMANY.

**Bad Gastein.—Grand Hotel.—Gasteinerhof.**—Sunniest htl 1st cl. 180 bedr'ms. Pens. fr. RM.9. Patr. by English society. Open in winter too.

GERMANY—*continued.*

**Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.**—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors D'œuvres. Rooms from M.5. Garage & Pumps on premises.

**Garmisch-Partenkirchen.**—Bavarian Alps.—**Park Hotel. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg Hotel in best cent. sit. Evy. cmft. Prosp. Prop.: Hanns Kilian.

**Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.**—The latest and most perfect hotel-building. Select home of international Society and Aristocracy.

**Sand.—Kurhaus Sand.**—R.A.C. Hotel (2,900 ft.) Black Forest, nr. Baden-Baden. Lake and sunbathing, fishing. Incl. terms fr. Mks.6. Catal'gs.

**Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.**—1st cl. family hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

**Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.**—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

**Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.**—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM.10.

**Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.**—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pen. fr. Mks. 12.

**Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.**—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

**Funchal.—Hotel Victoria.**—Op. Csno. Bdrms. h. & c., very centl. Frm 10/6 incl. Under the supervsn of the proprs. Cables-Comfort, Funchal.

SWITZERLAND.

**Arosa.—Valsana Sporthotel.**—First class. Gay centre of Arosa. Original "Alaska saloon." Dancing. Inclusive terms.

**Davos.—Palace Hotel.**—Nr. world-renowned Parsenn run & Strela Skilift. Rooms fm. S. Frs.7. Full board fm. S. Frs. 17. W. Holsboer, Man.

**Klosters-Parsenn (Switzerland).—The Sport Hotel Silvretta.**—For charm, atmosphere and good company.

**Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.**—Best position. first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

**Lenzerheide (Grisons) Grand Hotel Kurhaus.** 1st. cl. 200 beds. Leading English fam. hotel. Sunniest pos. Every entertainment. Mod. terms.

**Lugano.—Hotel Splendide.**—First class in every detail, lovely situation on the lake. Family. R. FEDELE.

**St. Moritz.—Badrutt's Palace Hotel.**
Host of the Elite.
Season till end of March.

EASTER at
LE TOUQUET
HOTEL DES ANGLAIS
in Pine Forest adjoining Casino
FREE BUS TO GOLF AND SEA

*The Best of Everything . . .*

in terms of horses, health, golf, scenery, sunshine, rest and comfort awaits you at

**PALM COURT HOUSE HOTEL,**
**ANGMERING-ON-SEA - - SUSSEX**

Inclusive terms for residence and riding. Write for details. *Telephone: Rustington 323.*

**BRYAN HOUSE, Blackheath**

**2, SOUTH ROW, LONDON, S.E. 3.** *Tel.: Lee Green 3016.*

A really Comfortable Private Hotel with all the amenities of home life. Large Garden. Free Laundry Room.

***One** in a thousand!*

Like a vintage wine the Tollard Royal has weathered the years. It is known as a very comfortable first-class hotel, distinct from the thousand others in Bournemouth by three characteristic points :

**Its position on the more fashionable West Cliff is the finest in the town.**

**It has a licensed and fully equipped Bridge Club.**

**Its Solarium, with the patented Rosenburg ultra violet rays, provides sun-bathing 24 hours a day.**

**TOLLARD ROYAL**
**BOURNEMOUTH**

*100 rooms and suites. Lift. Terms from 5½ gns. For detailed tariff write Miss P. E. Woolcock.*

*Health and Beauty on the Crest of Crowborough Beacon . . . come now to*

**Crest Hotel, Crowborough**

**Tel.: 394** **Sussex**

Bed, Breakfast, Lunch, Tea, Dinner, Central Heating and Lift from 4 gns. weekly.
Personal Proprietor Mr. G. Eglington Adams.

GOLF : ALL-WEATHER TENNIS : RIDING : WALKING

***A Five-Star Easter . . . in all but price***

Stay at THE CAIRN this year—England's only five-star Hydro. A full programme awaits you. Hard Tennis Courts ; Dancing and Bridge nightly ; A five-star cuisine.

**THE CAIRN HARROGATE**

Situated in a quiet and select position hard by the Royal Baths and shops.

Hydropathic and Electric treatment available in the Cairn itself.

*. . . and still THE RED HOUSE*

the ideal country base for the man or woman who enjoys Town life. Sleeping in the country, a good breakfast and a quick journey by road or rail make a pleasant beginning to the business of the day. And the end ? A book, billiards, or a rubber of bridge.

**THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD**

*Resident proprietors will gladly send you particulars. Private Suites available on first and ground floors. One minute from the station. Telephone : 2271/2.*

**Have You Ever?**

. . ENJOYED every minute of every day—on the golf course, on the beach, in the car, on a surf-board, on the moors ?

. . SLEPT every minute of every night and woken feeling ready to swim the Atlantic?

. . EATEN every meal with the appetite of youth and the appreciation of a connoisseur ?

. . DANCED every dance with the energy bred of Cornish air and Cornish sun?

COME IN THE SPRING TO

**THE HEADLAND *by* NEWQUAY**

*Cornwall's Natural Touring Headquarters. 120 bedrooms with a sea view. Golf and tennis at the door. Write to S. Polglaze, Manager, for "Have You Ever?"—a portrait in pictures and words of a new adventure in enjoyment. Telephone : Newquay 511*

***Health is everything!***

Health is everything. Whatever your work, whatever your pleasure, health must come first. Here in the Derbyshire Hills, health comes smiling to those who seek it ; while if you desire just recreation or a rest, there are concerts, golf, tennis, bowls, croquet (all free), and the pleasure of living in company where the daily average of visitors is over 200.

**Smedley's at Matlock**

Every modern treatment. Bath Staff of 60. Two Resident Physicians. Terms (13/- to 18/- a day) include Turkish, Russian and Hydropathic Baths. Smedley's Hydro, Matlock, Derbyshire. Tel. Matlock 17.

*The Seal of Good Health*



# In Quest of

## Places that Typify the Spring Mountains and th

SPRING is here again ! There is no doubt of it. Whatever the weather as you read this article the signs are unmistakable. And with spring comes an indescribable lightening of the heart and a desire to escape from the smoke of the cities and seek the open road and the sea winds. And just as there are some hotels which seem especially to typify the spirit of summer, autumn, or even winter, so there are some whose very appearance sings of spring.

Two such we will consider this week; and the first is Oakwood Park Hotel at Conway in North Wales. Here is a country house which has become an hotel. It has been devised and planned by men who themselves are accustomed to the best and who wish to give their visitors nothing less ; and the resident managing director is Mr. R. W. Turier, whose name is well known in the hotel world as having held many responsible positions in the L.M.S. hotels, including the managership of Gleneagles.

Oakwood Park, gloriously situated as it is in the Welsh mountains, starts off under a lucky star ; or perhaps it would strike the right note more truly to say—under a lucky sun ; for sunshine and mountain air form the staff of life for its visitors, while the luxuries of a first-class modern hotel, and the more subtle delights of magnificent food form the background of a specially enjoyable holiday.

What do we do at Oakwood Park ? First of all, we enjoy its natural beauty and the exhilarating effects of its climate—an important point, since it means that even if we go there and do nothing, we shall return better than when we started. But, in fact, we shall probably do plenty. We shall golf on the eighteen-hole course which surrounds the hotel. We shall walk in Snowdonia. We shall bathe in the sea—and fish there, too, if we desire, for the sea fishing of Conway is excellent. And if our inclinations run in other channels, we shall find tennis courts, bowling greens, billiard tables and bridge tables either in the hotel or easily available.

There is a convention in the south that the North Wales climate should be considered harsh except in the middle of summer. Was ever any idea so fallacious ? Ask the Manchester man, or the Liverpudlian, whether he would appreciate a week-end now in Snowdonia. There is, indeed, no need to ask him. For if we could look in on Oakwood Park at this moment by television, we should not only find a comfortable gathering of people enjoying themselves, but we should see, I am almost sure, a blue sky and a clear mountain sun.

From North Wales let us jump to South Cornwall. And here, perhaps, less description is necessary, since this neighbourhood is already well known

**WICKHAM COURT HOTEL**

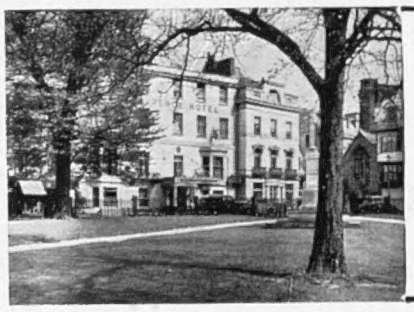
**WEST WICKHAM, KENT**

*'Phone : Springpark 2000*
*Half an hour from City and West End.*

An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn) with original panelling, fireplaces, etc., in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of hotels. Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private baths. Free service to station.

**FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,430 yds.).**
**SPECIALLY REDUCED WINTER TERMS, operative till March 31st, give opportunity of staying in a really de luxe hotel at a very moderate cost. No alteration in standard.** Inclusive terms from **4** guineas per week. Double rooms with private bathroom from **10** guineas per week. *Illustrated brochure free on request.*

***Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.***



*In the quiet of the Cathedral Close*

Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.

**Royal Clarence Hotel**
**EXETER**

*—the gateway to Devon. Write for brochure or 'phone: 4071-2.*

***Peace . . . and Perfection***

An Hotel for a holiday of quiet and content. Every bedroom has a perfect view over Tor Bay.

50 rooms with every luxury. Private suites. Private bathrooms.

A cuisine far removed from the ordinary.

All under the personal direction of Mr. A. Tschumy, born and trained in Switzerland.

**HEADLAND HOTEL, TORQUAY**

*A very first-class unlicensed hotel run in connection with the Grand, where every facility for recreation is free. Telephone : Torquay 2161.*

*A Bathroom to every Bedroom . . .*

How many country hotels can boast such an amenity ? It is just an example of what you may expect of life at

**GROVE HALL HOTEL** **TWYFORD - BERKS -**

A delightful country house, surrounded by flower gardens and a park : 34 miles from London by road, 37 minutes by train. Here you will find pleasant company in congenial surroundings at moderate prices. Tennis, Squash and Golf (Sonning 18-hole course). Telephone : Twyford 106.

**Specially reduced winter terms now from 3½ gns.**

# Good Hotels

by ASHLEY COURTENAY

## Spirit: The Call of the Welsh South Cornish Coast

for holidays early in the year. Let us choose one of the warmest and most beautiful bays on that lovely coast, St. Austell Bay, and, having found it, let us select a little bay contained inside it—Carlyon Bay. Here, in the very kernel of the Cornish Riviera, lies the Carlyon Bay Hotel, formerly—when it was under different ownership—known as the St. Austell Bay Hotel.

Perhaps the easiest way to convey to SPHERE readers the peculiar quality of excellence which may be expected here is to say that it is under the same chairmanship — that of Sir Charles Cartwright—as Canford Cliffs Hotel at Bournemouth. And I would hesitate to say how many SPHERE readers I have introduced to a new standard of holiday enjoyment at Canford Cliffs.

Carlyon Bay Hotel is absolutely the last word in up-to-date hotels. Everything has been planned for your especial delight. Golf, tennis, riding, swimming—all these are part of the daily routine; and there is at Carlyon Bay a sports and country club, membership of which is available to visitors in the hotel.

It is hard, in a place of this kind, to know what feature should be picked out especially. Everything is well-nigh perfect, and if it were not, Mr. Thomas Hill, the untiring managing director, would soon be on the spot to find out why. But perhaps it would be fair to make special mention of the bedrooms—for this reason, that often they are neglected in holiday hotels. And yet they should not be, for it is impossible to appreciate the pleasures of the day without having ample opportunity to sleep soundly o' nights.

At Carlyon Bay you have your choice of sleeping at the seaside or in the country. You can have a room which faces southwards over the sea, or north over pinewoods. You can wake in the morning to the lapping of the waves and the cry of the gulls, or, if you prefer it, to the song of the thrush and the scent of pines. So cleverly has the situation of this hotel been chosen, that the contrast between its two sides is really extraordinary. And, moderate though its terms are in any case, I always feel that if one were calculating accurately one would count them only half of what they are—for, in return for a few guineas a week, you get two holidays, one by the sea, the other . . . in the peace of the country.

*Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor,* THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*


In the Smile of the Sun lies

**The ST. AUSTELL & CARLYON BAY HOTEL**

SOUTH CORNWALL

at the heart of the Cornish Riviera. Here early Spring is an out-door Season and Cold Winds are almost unknown; facing the Sea and the South, surrounded by Palms and Pine Trees.

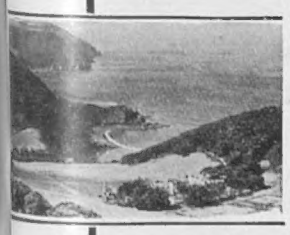
Spend a holiday here this Spring and enjoy the healthy carefree life of South Cornwall.

Free Golf, Superlative Cuisine, Five Star "A.A." Fully equipped Sports Club adjoins the Hotel. Temporary Membership available to all Guests at very moderate fees.

A Brochure will gladly be sent and inclusive terms quoted on application to the

**Resident Manager: S. D. HILL.**

Telephone: PAR 250 (3 lines). Railway Station: PAR, Cornwall.



20 miles from a station, hidden away in one of the loneliest corners of this island, in 400 acres of private grounds and beaches, you will find

**LEE ABBEY HOTEL**

Nr. LYNTON

ON NORTH DEVON'S WESTERN COAST LINE

The grounds, a natural bird-sanctuary, are a delight to the eye, the private golf course is in perfect condition, the weather is fine and the terms are exceptionally moderate. Why not Winter with us? Write for an illustrated brochure or telephone Lynton 24

**LINCOMBE HALL TORQUAY**

**The Ideal Hotel for Winter Comfort**

South aspect . . . beautiful grounds . . . away from noise yet near town centre. Central heating and modern appointments throughout. 50 bedrooms . . . many with private bath.

INCLUSIVE WINTER TERMS FROM 3½ GNS.

*Write for brochure direct or consult Ashley Courtenay, 68, St. James's Street, S.W.1.*

GARDEN HOTEL Lincombe Hall OF TORQUAY

And here is peace . . . in a sheltered park of 60 acres, a sun-trap 400 feet up, a hospitable hotel for winter residence. London within easy reach. Sporting golf course in the grounds.

**THE SPA HOTEL** ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

First-class in comfort, cooking and service. 85 rooms and suites.

*Write to S. Hancock, Director, for tariff-booklet entitled "And here is peace." Telephone: Tunbridge Wells 1911*

***The New Luxury Hotel of the North . . .***

People of discrimination and The Clifton Arms are naturally drawn together. North country folk have already discovered this; Southerners should remember it next time they are in the North. And above all prices are reasonable. You will never be over-charged, you will always receive value for money in terms of comfort, service and good food . . . which we believe is the best in the North-West. £40,000 was spent to bring the Clifton Arms up to our standards; come for the Grand National! Special trains direct to Aintree.

*Details and Brochure from J. J HERITIER,*

**CLIFTON ARMS HOTEL,**

LYTHAM ST. ANNES

QUALITY and SERVICE AT MODERATE PRICES

**BEAUTIFUL ST. BRELADES . . .**

above all in Spring was built for those who like to ignore the tape-machine and the politics of Europe and laze with a serene conscience . . . bathing, walking, idling with none but the friendly southern sun to interrupt . . . and the pleasant routine of well-cooked meals to make a day of it. Profusely illustrated brochure with pleasure from the proprietor, B. Colley.

**ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL** JERSEY

*An hour and a half by air from London*


## SCOTLAND


**DORNOCH HOTEL**

**Dornoch, Sutherlandshire**

Re-opens May 24th.

*Occupies a commanding position overlooking the Royal Dornoch Golf Course. Open May to September.*

**INVERNESS—*Station Hotel***

Inverness-shire

A most comfortable hotel with all modern amenities

*For accommodation, etc., apply to the Resident Manager, or to Arthur Towle, Controller, LMS Hotel Services, St. Pancras Chambers, London, N.W.1.*


# THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

*The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."*

### ENGLAND

**Aldeburgh.**—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
**Angmering-on-Sea.**—Palm Court House Hotel.
**Arundel.**—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
**Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).**—Bull Inn.
**Bath.**—The Empire.
**Bath.**—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
**Bath.**—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
**Bexhill-on-Sea.**—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
**Blackpool.**—The Metropole.
**Blackpool.**—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
**Boscastle (Corn.).**—Welltown Manor Guest Hse.
**Boscombe (Bournemouth).**—Chine Hotel.
**Bournemouth.**—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
**Bournemouth.**—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
**Bournemouth.**—Tollard Royal Hotel.
**Bray-on-Thames.**—Hinds Head Hotel.
**Brighton (Rottingdean).**—Tudor Close Hotel.
**Brighton (Saltdean).**—Ocean Hotel.
**Bromley.**—Sundridge Park Hotel.
**Bushey.**—Bushey Hall Hotel.
**Cambridge.**—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
**Canterbury.**—The County Hotel.
**Chipping Campden.**—Cotswold House Hotel.
**Chislehurst.**—Heatherbank Hotel.
**Cornwall (South).**—Carlyon Bay Hotel.
**Crowborough.**—The Crest Hotel.
**Dorchester (Dorset).**—Antelope Hotel.
**Dulverton.**—Carnarvon Arms.
**Dulverton (Som.)**—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
**Exeter.**—Royal Clarence Hotel.
**Folkestone.**—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
**Folkestone.**—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
**Frinton.**—Grand Hotel.
**Goring-on-Thames.**—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57
**Hailsham (Sussex).**—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
**Harrogate.**—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
**Harrogate.**—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
**Harrogate.**—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
**Hastings.**—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
**Hove.**—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
**Leatherhead.**—The Red House Hotel.
**Lyme Regis.**—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
**Lynton.**—Lee Abbey Hotel.
**Lytham St. Annes.**—Clifton Arms Hotel.
**Malvern.**—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
**Manchester.**—Bowdon Hydro.
**Marlborough (Wilts.).**—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
**Matlock.**—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
**Midhurst.**—Spread Eagle Hotel.
**Newquay.**—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
**Ockham.**—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
**Oxford.**—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
**Oxford.**—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
**Ramsgate.**—The Granville.
**Salisbury.**—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
**Sanderstead (Surrey).**—Selsdon Park Hotel.
**Scarborough.**—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
**Sidmouth.**—The Royal Glen Hotel. Phone: 221
**Sidmouth.**—Torbay View Private Hotel.
**Stow-on-the-Wold.**—Talbot Hotel.
**Stratford-on-Avon.**—The Arden Hotel.
**Taunton (Somerset).**—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
**Torquay.**—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
**Torquay.**—Headland Hotel.
**Torquay.**—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
**Torquay.**—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
**Torquay.**—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
**Torquay.**—Lincombe Hall.

### ENGLAND—*continued*

**Torquay.**—Palm Court Hotel.
**Tunbridge Wells.**—The Spa Hotel.
**Twyford (Berks).**—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
**Washford (Somerset).**—Dragon House.
**West Wickham (Kent).**—Wickham Court Hotel.
**Weymouth.**—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
**Worthing.**—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

### GREAT NORTH ROAD

*(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)*

**Catterick (229).**—Bridge House Hotel.

### ENGLISH LAKES

**Keswick.**—Queen's Hotel.
**Keswick.**—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
**Keswick.**—Royal Oak Hotel.

### LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl.W.8. Wes. 8121
S.Kensington Htl.,Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

### SCOTLAND

**Ballater (Deeside).**—Cambus O'May Hotel.
**Dornoch.**—Dornoch Hotel.
**Edinburgh.**—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
**Edinburgh.**—New Carlton Hotel.
**Galloway.**—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
**Kyle of Lochalsh.**—Lochalsh Hotel.
**Perthshire.**—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
**Perth.**—Station Hotel.
**Pitlochry.**—Atholl Palace Hotel.
**Stranraer.**—Auld King's Arms.
**Tomintoul (Banffshire).**—Richmond Arms Htl.

### CHANNEL ISLANDS

**Jersey.**—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

### WALES

**Abergele.**—Kinmel Hall.
**Anglesey.**—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
**Llangollen.**—The Hand Hotel.
**Llandudno.**—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.

### NORTHERN IRELAND

**Belfast.**—Grand Central Hotel.
**Belfast.**—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
**Rostrevor.**—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

### EIRE

**Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).**—Ross's Hotel.
**Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).**—Royal Hotel.
**Greenore.**—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
**Greystones (Co. Wicklow).**—Grand Hotel.
**Kingstown (Co. Dublin).**—Royal Marine Hotel.

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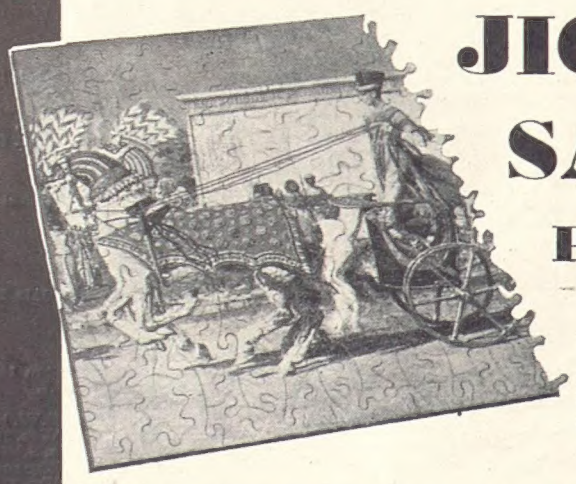

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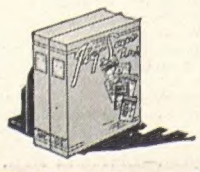

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